

Tales from Sinus Meridiani : 242,598,000 BC  
or What happened to the dinosaurs

by

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Dear Sir/madam,

my name is Indana Simonde, I am a self-published author and have found that self publishing is a struggle. Below is a sample of some of my work. I hope that you are able to understand the vast majority of the manuscript I have provided as a rough final draft that could do with the input of an editorial team and (pre-production art work wherever possible). My aim as an author is gain a contract that would allow me to move from solely writing the same manuscript to the next phase of my goal as a writer (a career), that is to say, namely I am looking for a film deal along with a television series for this project. Equally I am looking to promote a new style of writing, and was equally looking to raise enough funds to start a career as an intellectual rapper (that is to say, I would like to found a new medium known as *Study Rap* which would be lo-fi hip hop that an individual could study to - mostly in Latin).

The present book thus far is intended for all intents and purposes wherever possible to give an exact insight, both into the diction, language and knowledge where defined as to the Temporal Order. This Order is defined as both general scientific knowledge broken down with regards to the types of technology and structures would be required within and outside of the known universe(s) but equally the philosophical and paradoxical knowledge broken down unequivocally. As well as technical and technological points of view. Where these, the curious few individuals who are interested in the points of view, where these are mentioned with regards to the theory of Temporal Dissonance, as to

the overall development and knowledge recited within the Temporal Order.

Please see the notes in Relativity 1: Apparatus of Theoretical Physics for a breakdown of the work, which, whilst presuming a standard of education that corresponds to a university matriculation, and despite the nature of the book; a fair amount of patience, and work on the part of the reader will be required. In order to understand and develop the idea, until you are able to spare the author a few polite words with regards to the formulation of theorem. The present and main idea's in the simplest and most intelligible points of note, again as idea's must be highlighted as they originated from the C.A.B.L.E Government O.S.

### **Introduction - In search of hope, happiness and humility**

To begin with, I was born in a small town in a country formerly known as Northern Rhodesia, but now formally known as Zambia. Whilst I have lived and grown accustomed to my more recent Britishness, I am and always likely will be conflicted; not as to my personal loyalties and ties to my current home but rather, as to the culture that raised me. My grandfather, a Zambian diplomat, placed within an ambassadorial role was called Wamweni Mayondi. My mother, his daughter, married my father, who was fresh out of another relationship. Both my mother and father were medical professionals who worked hard the vast majority of their lives to become pillars of the communities they lived and worked in. At times, more recently, it has grown more difficult to distinguish, due to mental ill-health

and a poor quality lifestyle, exactly whom I have grown to emulate, having lived in the shadow of my parents and grandparents for so long. Despite this fact, and as a direct result of having faced an upward struggle to define in my own eyes who I am and was attempting to become, I have struggled with the pace and rate of modern life. Academia and the discourses that travelled with her, along with finding gainful employment in a career that I was fit to serve in have equally been hurdles that to this day I am still struggling with.

I have battled the evils of substance misuse, addiction and the isolation of a broken and lonely heart in isolation the vast majority of my life, only to find the very peers I so desperately clung to leaving a rather hollow emptiness that over time has never subsided. The constant reminder in Scotland, as a proud nation founded on a heritage of peaceful coexistence and war has left me equally fighting everything and everyone everywhere simply to be heard in a tone that is far from angry, rather, grateful and humbled by the honour of my adoptive nation.

For over a decade or more I have been involved in amateur dramatics, sound production and performance as well as writing, and yet, still I find myself fighting the same battle(s) to be heard in a tone that is not angry, but rather hopeful and honest. As such I thought it prudent to note, I was twenty four or so when I first discovered my love for constitutional politics, along with Marxism; as

I had dropped out of a management degree aged twenty one in my third year. My friends at the time, as with my brothers, all achieved academic success where I failed to succeed in an institutional setting. Rather, having fallen in love with the academia of a forgotten age, I left the institution of university without the skills to succeed in an ever increasingly corporate world of banking; having worked for a number of prestigious organisations on a temporary basis.

Even with a strong Curriculum Vitae, I failed to save, spend time with my family or find time for God; favouring academic principles in popular science as opposed to management. I found Roger Penrose, Einstein and Richard Feynman more enthralling post university than Peter Drucker or Sun Tsu; both part of the stable diet of a "sell, sell, sell!" mentality. This, of course, was largely because I failed to understand the most basic concepts of the marketing mix; price, place, product, promotion and people as academic principles that were to be followed both throughout my career and further afield.

No matter how hard I tried, still I couldn't get the dream of outshadowing the past shadow I lived under in order to overcome the difficulties I faced in childhood. It wasn't until I read Stephen Hawking's theories on the history of the universe coupled with Einstein's Relativity that my questions of God, space-time and the universe / many worlds theorem / string theory became ever

more spuriously rolled into one question. That question was one of armed social coercion versus societal cohesion and the sociological make-up of the world.

I had grown up watching world leaders such as Mikhail Gorbachev and Ronald Reagan, George Bush and Margaret Thatcher. I remember the day Princess Diana and Mother Theresa passed away and still remember the smiling face of the late Nelson Mandela. In youth, I would watch the Phantom of the Opera and wish I could skate like so many national and international Winter Olympics heroes. But more than that I wanted to give back to the community that had fuelled my thirst for knowledge. In that regard, I fear I failed to draw attention to what should have been a test of my character, both prior to and post diplomatic mentoring by members of the academic and political institutions in Scotland of whom, to this day I am afraid I have let down as with the Scottish people due to the failure of the mentoring programme. That of course, is in part the reason for my many books on subjects that vary from love, politics and honour to romance, and quantum temporal mechanics and dynamics (at the end of this book) which served as a public apology for a life less enjoyed than lived.

I have always protested my fears, joys, elation and emotional content to my family and friends with such a ferocious intensity that I actually forgot who I was and what I as one person

was attempting to achieve. How little I knew then,  
as with now.

I.S

12/11/2019

## **Preface**

### **1.1**

Old ideas such as love, peace, hope, faith and charity have existed for millennia if not aeons; this is exceptionally true where there is an archetypal image of the value of the humanity within us all. When you allow your brain to calm, if only for a second, allowing your eyelids to close, you finally begin to dream. That is your subconscious mind communicating with your conscious mind such that, as an individual your rational brain composes itself in order to attempt to process logical information; even where there is no or limited sensory data.

Humanity, as at present remains alone; in relative command of their domain, our habitat, known as Earth. The Universe is a big and at times violently scary but equally beautiful and awe inspiring place. The same can be said for the wilderness(es) of the heart and mind as well as physicality. In actuality, the saying that “history repeats itself” doesn’t mean that we as potential idealists require dark sayings, images or actions in order to remain true to a cause or a compassionate or nondescript idea. We are the mirror of the colossal, and our attitudes reflect the very same when we look deep into the mind



to assess our own beliefs and the reasons for choosing the less than clear-cut paths that so many people follow.

Societal Engineering, the conscious and unconscious hive of shared mental precepts define(s) both innate idea's of individualism and individuality along with wider societal values and morals. The ideas that revolve around intelligent use of the tools of communication are surrounded by historical perspectives in which an individuals motives for altering their (or other peoples) lives are surrounded in a proactive and positive individual environment that is person centred and supportive.

The conceptual trains of academic and scientific thought that revolve(d) around such heavy ideas as abolishment of the Slave Trade, Equal Rights or even the abolishment of the Death Penalty in specific geographic localities in comparison to the rest of the world (or a space race, or even competition) remain idea's for some, whilst for others they are an actual reality. That is to say, until the dialogue between rational and irrational becomes the logical process that promotes change in a cohesive environment, the truth of changing the world will only ever be a result of communication within a cohesive and supportive environment.

Where I as an individual attempt to follow a faith, travelling with a specific mode of communication throughout the ages, yet I fail to understand the dogma that led to the very point in history in which I exist, then I fail to understand the understatement of the obvious. The nature of humanity forges an ideal in which we each forget the freedoms with which we have attempted to preserve; reversing time by becoming the very tired and overused analogies we each have to fight against daily. Be that as it may, the guides with which we allow ourselves to be so easily led define the narratives of our mental vision in the form

of a conscious and subconscious correlation, leading to dialogue. As such, the images we allow into our minds are the very same images we allow to promote a positive change in society for all and not solely for a particular social grouping. In interacting with people we like, know and understand; it really is important to remember the very people we should be working to support.

## 1.2

The image, concept and academic discipline of studying, both historically through to the modern age, has been plagued with an almost constant series of set-backs both in the lifetime of myself as an author and as a former student. The various routes to altering my own self-image, through creation of a value system, such that I as an individual realise my worth have caused an as yet incomplete process both within me and within the people closest to me. The thought of studying anything from either a qualified or unqualified perspective may seem like a daunting prospect. For some people, information is more readily absorbed in a particular format, for others it is less so, whilst for others still, studying may seem like a completely futile exploit within an archaic infrastructure(s) that usually, though not always highlight the nature of apparent egalitarian competitive camaraderie.

Such is the nature of academic discourse in which an individual is offered a route out of reliance, either on the state or role of economic subsistence and ultimately the freedom to decide the course of one person's actions in comparison to their fellow students and the wider community. Whilst almost all occupations serve a purpose in which promotion of service to an expectant market has a prime form of output, whether it is the tangibility of a product or intangibility of a service, studying,

especially in youth can be fulfilled but only after traversal of a variety of pitfalls. Examples of which might include the onset of mental ill-health, substance misuse, childcare, transportation and economic subsistence to name but a few problems that limit a persons ability to complete a course of study and achieve academic success and self-approbation.

The reasons for non-completion be they institutional or otherwise are only minor set backs on the road that is the journey towards life. Hard work, constant and consistent discipline and long hours characterise the nature of the role of student. But more than that there is a societal contract with which individuals are expected to work for, and towards supporting themselves within their chosen communities respectively such that they enhance for those individuals who may not have the same opportunities in life as themselves.

## **Introduction : The Total Writing System Methodology and Infrastructure creation**

A writers interrogation as a legacy of guided and principled questioning of a subject matter must be unquestioning in its bravery and depth as it is divisive in its clarity and direction. In applying faith, borderless and without boundary to the actions, thoughts and inner-most emotional content of an unreal character, the nature of their actions within the narrative of a developed story becomes speech, action, contact in a world that is fabricated by the author. This world may be real or imagined as a reflection of reality, but without research into, for instance the role of the objective identity of a character in highlighting the same characters neurotic, multifaceted and fractured personality(ies), the quintessential character loses the intrinsic multidimensional nature of evolved or even resolute speech. This is as a direct manifestation of the process of writing from a writers mind to the sheet of paper.

An example of the Total Writing System in which I was able to write over 80 books in the space of one month (though it is important to note that each of the books was approximately 25 pages or more and likely held a great deal of complicated subject material from poetry and philosophy to larger works is as follows :-

#### The curious author

Hearing the commotion outside of the theatre, the sound was all encompassing as men and women, police officers and civilians ran to and fro, hither and thither in a frenzy of screams and shouting. Two men were arguing in the street whilst I noted a few more than a handful of people running with energy. All around me, the terrified, panicking masses of people lay with brick and mortar, the remnants of centuries of construction and empirical creation of civilisation. Previously, I had noted how beautiful this part of the city had once been, the night before having taken my wife to view a property in the area a few days prior to current events as they played out before my eyes.

It was in this furious moment in which the utter devastation and catastrophic cost to life and property in the present that I realised the true value of humanity. Children were trapped underneath some rubble. The authorities were attempting to maintain a level of order and decorum with many individuals attempting to lift the spirits of injured individuals, providing blankets, food and water, even sharing their homes with those people in need. A passer by had mentioned something of the nature of a potential gas explosion, hence the scene of which I describe.

Presently, the day I was born, on the 21<sup>st</sup> of September 1866 in Bromley High Street in London was of little to no consequence to the nature of public and private events globally. Little could the world have known the inconvenience I was due to cause to the history of the world. The disturbance of time itself, it's hands trundling forward apace, day by day and hour by hour, ever nearer towards the very developments herein divulged. All of this in an age in which Human history had, more recently than not, become a race between education and the catastrophic end of all things, men and women, children and peoples of consequence.

War, as with all things had loomed heavy on the battle wearied souls of men and their families; women and children left to fend for themselves. We each of us had become a state of which, the saying 'no man is an island' was steadily becoming a question of when the soldiers would bravely return with tales of life on fronts unseen by any, but rather every eager eye.

It just so happened, on the eve of my birthday no less; on the 20<sup>th</sup> of September 1918, when the tales of, and equal measure of horrors that followed every person, every day, through valour and bravery in statecraft, that a dark shroud appeared over the fate of mankind as a divergent and divisively combined species on this, our shared home. The whole day had been bleak, overcast with the symptomatic chill in the embittered autumnal air. The crisis of men's affairs throughout the ages pointed towards ultimate devastation as a question regarding the emission and omission of the vestiges of a state of war, played out to the tune of warfare in the form of a concert. The concert in question was an opera written in, or at least to the best of my knowledge published in 1885 by the famous Mr Sullivan and Mr Gilbert.

I remember as a child my mother attempting to teach me the piano and here I was in pleasant company watching the very songs I had learnt in youth such that I could mentally sing along, humming and tapping my hand on the arm rest. The Savoy Theatre in Covent Garden was surrounded by a braying mob who were all privy to one of the Strand's most prestigious theatres in Westminster, London, England.

The Savoy, having opened on the 10<sup>th</sup> of October 1881 and having replaced the Savoy Palace in order to become the worlds first building to be lit in totality by this new fabled recent discovery. Electricity and electrification of public lighting was steadily becoming the norm.

The Opera in question was the Mikado of which I had attended a number of times and, no more so than today was I enthralled and left in awe. The set pieces, costumes, orchestration and general environment was unquestioningly of the highest standard, exuding the class that had been poured into the production. My name is Herbert George Wells.

Over the course of the foundation of one lifetime, witnessed through the hopes of (and miseries) of one lifetime through the words and deeds of it's people, the language and diction we use characterises the nature of the very revolutions we face within reality. Revolutions and the miseries of a crisis in which the challenge for change within society must be equally shared and travailed, highlighted both through the fortitude and magnanimity of human benevolence in light of the nature of the tools we fashion in our shared reality. Yet, despite the synthesis of history and the repeated morals shared within society of history and its repetitions, breaking the cyclical nature of the

same historic learning curves of which the rebuilding of a civilisation post annihilation becomes a sole motive for returning the soul of an ideal to real life for the whole of society:-

Tales for Emma (a vampire short story)

He started almost completely with every fibre of his being to challenge what was happening in the sunlight. It was almost completely ironic, but as a thirty something year old who had no control over his fear of the darkness, he nearly laughed at the fact that he was running out onto the street in defence of her. At first he thought he had recognised her, but he knew in his heart of hearts that there was no actual truth in the thought, after all, he didn't know anyone. Carrying the usual weapons he reserved for the evening and long, lonely night time.

The reduction in temperature of a highly charged or tense scene for example, such as for instance, a court case in which a character or group of characters stand in opposition to one another, or even a firefighter in search of a person in a fire are only examples of the divisions between how an artistic author might attribute certain key variables that make a story. The examples of a court case and of a firefighter highlight scenarios in which specific human traits might be shown to be evident or lacking in the self, from the lawyer/firefighters fear of being injured, or their strength and resolve of character; the way in which they interact with the scene and props used to attack the court case/fire and ultimately save the life (or lives) of a victim of the court case/fire to their potential detriment and equal loss of life in the end.

Despite this fact, survival on a day to day basis amidst the greenery and scenery of one nation in comparison to the concrete jungle and countryside of another nation, nothing inspires more than the people, the artistic palette of which conversations and dialogues with strangers has led me down various wondering hallways. Examples of which include the

questions (which some and not all disagree with) of Global Disarmament and its alternative(s) and equally questions of deforestation and the death and consumption of wildlife for the sake of people, whilst questioning the role and death of bee's as a result of the noxious fumes produced by cars along with genetically modified foodstuffs. Nothing inspires more than the kindly sparkle of sunlight in the reflection of a person's eyes, or the sound of and sight of wind ruffling through tree's in autumn:-

"Deeeeeeeee" Emperor, the computer that resided in the ship at the end of time continued. The Geodesic, the name attributed to Humanity in this version of the future dystopia of over population, lack of resources on our host planet and too many frail and sick soldiers, of which all men and women had become soldiers and space marines of an army like no other.

The Geodesic, which was carrying a payload that reflected the very nature of humanity, Quantum Temporal Calibrators, and Multiphase Multiverse Inverter satellites along with a compliment and whole host of weapons so shocking and horrific that they had not been used before. Examples of which included a weapon that caused the recipient's outer skin to increase in temperature by approximately 1000 degrees within the mind alone through sonic binaural recalibration of the ear's on emission of a sonic resonant image that became like a picture whenever seen and processed in the mind's eye, allowing the recipient or victim as it were to believe they were actually on fire when they were not.

"cccccoooooom" Hugh hadn't worked out that Emperor was trying to warn him of the impending decompression of his section of the ship. All of the Biomechanical soldiers bar himself were already dead, flushed into the space they once would have sailed through, like detritus or spare parts; all of them that is save for his wife who had managed to escape in an escape hatch from her position within the navigation unit with a static version of the Epicentre controlled Cable unit. Hugh had to escape this ship but due to the magnetised boots he had engaged in his section of the ship, he was stuck where he was, along with the fact that should he manage to demagnetise his boots, remove himself from the internal surface of the ship or even regain access to his Caleb unit, there would have to be an astronomical level of miraculous coincidental situations that would have to happen. An example included the reduction in the speed of the ship such that the gravitational forces were reduced. Equally the radiation from the black hole generator, the Implosion Oscillator that was formerly in a state of equilibrium, but upon activation of the ship's engines, a catastrophic chain of events led to Captain



Charlotte Lord losing access to her ship through the neural implant connection to her own Cable unit.

The division between how an artist might draw an image of this scene in comparison to an author or even an actor on a stage drawing an instantaneous image of the same character differ both in the vision, scope and direction of the image, along with potential uses of specific methods and artistic licence on the part of the artist / author / performer acting out the role of the same. Respectively, to delve into the fabrication of a character from the ground up, one must first read; a lot of healthy reading and comparison with regards to benchmarking one persons work in comparison to another allows the individual author to make a scene come to life through the research that is undertaken in the form of writing prior to touching a notepad and pen or laying finger(s) to keyboards:-

“Caleb system activating neural cognitive channel within the left and right hemispheres. Danger, unauthorised access to War-dog subroutine algorithms.” the voice of Caleb repeated within the mind of Hugh Lord and he knew this only because the words appeared in front of him as though they were being drawn on thin air. He dared not move in case he alerted Spears to the nature of the issue at hand. Unfortunately he didn’t know that the War-dogs command imperative was a result of the coalescence of the universe. The big crunch would see the entire ship fold the very fabric of space in approximately an hour. That was all he knew.

“sion sssssssssssssseeeeeeeqqqqqqquene” Imperator gurned and churned, creaking eerily in almost complete silence as the rotating ship twirled through space, circling ever closer to the star at the core of this galaxy. It was then that the words appeared on the screen in Hugh’s mind. *‘activating! Caution, decompression sequence activating!’*

“Now you tell me buddy! Caleb open a patch to Abigail Lord’s Cable device on the encrypted channel. I think I have an idea. And demagnetise the boots, the engines are reactivating.” Hugh let out a tired whisper of a thought that caused him to realise that he might not survive this moment despite his ability to still be alive against the odds. It had been a long journey.

That is to say, the eyes are the windows to the soul. A persons journey equally has been described as beginning with

a single footstep, as with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the American venture to the moon; of which initially this idea was shared amongst the world as a human endeavour, but of late which has turned into the consumption of a planet through greed for the sake of a space race that leaves the impoverished at a loss. As such I am retelling the culture of ecstatic elation and falling depression that is my own for anyone who will listen in the form of socio-cultural and in parts politicised idea's, forms and narratives in the format of politics, prose and philosophy; through discourses and also through direct dialogue with the reader. The challenge is simple, to create a dialogue with the reader such that the monologic nature of writing ceases to have a singular role in society whereby it is consumed as an art form. All of this such that we can all live well and approve of our own actions in life.

Simply holding a mental precept of a characters individuality does not provide a clear map of whom that individual character is attempting to portray in the role of a narrative, considering their individuality as one character or a group of characters and how they relate to one another through their actions and the words or thoughts they allow into the fabricated world. Why they use the words they use, how they use their physical or intangible attributes, the weight of their thoughts and even their looks and personality as characterised by an authors musings allow flesh, meat to be provided to the bones of the authors overall project. And that is the most important point to make. Writing is a fluid process that changes over time:-

Hugh's memory unit had been completely destroyed and his cognitive reasoning was limited due to the injuries he had sustained and not enough time to heal himself, which was what Imperator had been working on, utilising the fact that the Black Hole in the Engineering - Propulsion Sector of the ship hadn't imploded, causing a series of very real side effects. He didn't know who Osiris or Zeus were, likely code names for individuals who were aboard the Geodesic, but Ra Dumont, he knew very well as one of a number of lower level service techs who always seemed to be friendly

with many of the marines and scientists in the section of the ship that Hugh and his wife had been stationed.

The two of them stood eye to eye, watching one another as Thomas Spears finally decided to walk around having realised that the man he had shot when all the klaxons and the calamity were overtaking the ship was still aboard the ship. Then he returned to his microphone conversation with the ship that was now visible just below the cargo bay doors, it had only just arrived but something seemed to be wrong with it as it phased in and out of the realised space they both existed in, like it was both there and not there, like a mirage. Hugh wanted to cough and sneeze, failing to realise the significance of what was happening. If Spears was able to collect at the least one Multiphase Multiverse Inverter, then he would have both a ship with time travel capabilities and a static version of Imperator, the roving consciousness that had saved so many lives throughout the history of mankind. He would ultimately have the keys to the doorway to the Multiverse and History itself.

It is both something a person undertakes and a role, a position in which the disciplined writer will attempt to make a point of writing as often and wherever possible about whatever subject they find takes their mind to the place they wish an audience to follow. Failing to take into account the fact that a person who purchases any work or consumes any work that is read, be it an essay, a play, a short story or a poem, novella or longer treatise on the inherent goodness or existence of honour and faith in a world that lacks is all good and well, but paying heed to the very same allows a plan to be formed. Whether the initial undertaking is a plan that is unwritten actually hinders most people who come to a standstill after a while. Writing down your thoughts and how each character relates to themselves, the world and what they think, like and do makes a story all the more readable due to the depth of thought and nature of the research undertaken in which the individual is attempting to make themselves the character such that the character has life, draws breath and becomes a living, breathing instrument of a larger project.

The initial length, depth and scope of a character are limited only by the imagination of an author, of whom, the

cathartic process of writing ones self out of or into the reality in which the narrative exists becomes the setting of a scene. Time, as with the steady passage of history is meandering, slow and steadily building up over a period of hours, months and years of looking at the same issue from a dynamic perspective:-

“..preeeeeeeeeeeeeeesing, Warning, Decom..” Imperators metallic voice sang aloud as Hugh noted the beauty in silence of the light that seemed to be dancing to the melody of Imperator’s tune, like a choral song of some sort. This war had left many casualties and faults within a once natural form of causality without paradoxical branched forms of physical reality. In this version of the multiverse, it all seemed so easy, so straight forward. The world was gone, the human race had travelled to space in one ship, and one ship alone as the final stand of a people who had given up on their host planet. But it was more than that.

“Daedalus station online, caution radiation is at a dangerous level, reducing energy and power output by 85.138 percent.” a voice repeated three times almost imperceptibly. The Caleb unit, despite having a quite masculine name had a feminine voice within his Biomechanical suits aural receptors, His visor was cracked and had been ever since the fall of civilisation in which he was betrayed by his own supervisor, a man by the name of Thomas Spears who had been working as a fellow scientist and Engineer within the Science Distribution Collective, which was a systematic grass-roots research and development infrastructure fashioned out of any scientists and doctoral thesis graduates still left within the population of the earth. The only thing Hugh hadn’t counted on was Thomas Spears appearing out of nowhere in what appeared to be a time machine.

“Ok Ra, I’m on the ship of the Damned, I need you to tell Osiris and Zeus that the package is nearly delivered. Call the syndicate and warn them that the faction is still present, we need to collect as much of the technology as we can otherwise we will have to isolate time such that I don’t end up walking into myself at any point in the past, present or future. Make sure your Cable systems are operating to full capacity, no shut downs on this journey and.. God damnit, Hugh Lord you old dog!” Thomas began, his voice calm and collected but direct as though he knew something about the future.

“Bring the creature out. I want it to find the Inverter so it knows we aren’t playing games any more.” Spears called over the microphone whilst attempting not to show the frustration, the anger at having to face Hugh Lord. The creature in this instance was none other than ‘*Mankind, crowned prince former of the Aer*’ as he attempted to explain to his captors on the

ship over and over again in a language they didn't speak. It was at that moment that the ocular implant activated in Hugh Lords left eye meaning he was able to see things that were not there such as a weapons schematic, the controls of his suit, he also had access to an escape hatch and escape pod.

As the author of a short story, you are placed in a privileged position. That is to say, the author has ultimate control of how the audience is directed to feel towards their flight of fantasy through the use of guidance e.g. in guiding the hopes, loves and potential risks to a characters life as their fate hangs in the balance, the audience is drawn to like, love or hate; even where the narratives focus is non linear and the emphasis overt and indirect or lacking the specificity of conciseness and consequence resolution:-

Ubiquae Deus / The Book of Imperator : deus tempore es vi destructu es

"Cennnnntre obbeea miiee." Imperator finally repeated the same sentence again in the broken English he had grown accustomed to of late, as a result of the pockets of temporal energy that were crippling the entire integrity of the regions physical stability. With every metre that the space ship passed, with every second, Imperator grew slower and slower as though the ageing computer was becoming more corrupted at the very core. It was obvious that the upgrades had worked, the rest of the crew were nowhere to be seen. That was the moment Hugh Lord found out that he was immortal.

He had loved her from the moment he had laid eyes on the S.O.S beacon on the computer screen the moment he opened his eyes. In his mind, the skeletal makeup of his head and internal organs, especially around his throat felt slightly colder than usual. Little did he know, they had turned him into a biomechanical soldier designed to fight against the Obsidian 23 outbreak.

As though the Machines on the heavily breached ship that was floating unassisted by any of the ships crew or navigations systems, were learning from our human definitions, languages and mannerisms, behaviours and psychological make-ups from the viewpoint of the written words of all of humanity enslaved or murdered as a result of this now Temporal War with Imperator's Secondary knowledge-attribution and consequence risk contingency logic gate Matrix upgrades. The Machines were taking in the data at an exponential rate with factories and manufacturing labour farms working night and day at an astronomical rate

to create perfect research on the manufacture of the perfect Trapezius muscle, having failed on him experimentally. He had become the modern version of a monster, Hugh knew he couldn't let Abigail see him like this; he couldn't cope with the look of fear in her eyes as she would likely recoil from his eager and awaiting arms should they ever meet again. It was all he could think of.

The god awful ringing in his head wouldn't stop and the ship seemed to be shaking as though it were stuck in counterbalanced distortions as caused in the wake of a roving accretion disc. This of course was no time to panic, but he couldn't close his eyes. That was how he knew that he was immortal and that there was no oxygen flowing through his lungs. Imperator was still glitching and had been so for nearly a day or two. He could tell because he had been staring at the stars through the Drop-ship station of the main auxiliary cargo hold which was working as a make shift barracks just below the main Biomechanical bay. It was then that the thought became more and more apparent. They had been searching for a long time for the Multiphase Multiverse Inverter and it had led to the ultimate destruction of their ship.

To begin with, I (as an author who faced the daunting task of editing, evaluating and writing my own series of books) was required to draw the readers attention to getting into character and then writing in character i.e. becoming more than simply an '*outline*' or mental precept such that the author '*becomes*' the very character they are attempting to write in order to write specific dialogue or scenarios of importance to the overall narrative that is being followed. From a personal perspective, it takes me three hours per day to find a tone that suits the character I am envisioning from the moment I awaken. This is largely because of the complexity of the task, the '*crisis*' and the '*problem*' faced.

### The crisis and problems associated with Characterisation

Depending on your writing style, forms of inspiration and even whether the author consumes popular culture as a benchmark, the onus is on what you as an author allow into your life. Life happens; be that children, work commitments, family and friends or other personal commitments including study. Once you reach a

point where you are ready to write with time on your hands to do so, the first thing I have found to be of use is to familiarise oneself with your subject matter in detail as a form of characterisation, whether it is the language of science, or law or social anthropology or theology. This is because where you as a writer don't understand your characters, the world they are manifested in or the political economy of the creation of your work, something of the substance envisaged is lost to the imagination. Details missing will leave you, your work or what the audience perceives as both subject and (or) object of your writing with a great deal of confusion. This ultimately will lead to feelings of incompleteness, in the totality of your emersion within your work:-

### **The Jobs of Science and Architecture**

Science grew a rose garden,  
he taught others how to do the same.  
    Architecture was an Administrator,  
    she taught the secret lives of Architecture

This, in it's simplicity was the intellectual analysis undertaken by  
Architecture,  
of Time, in which, deepest darkest memory recalled her soul.

Through hollow brow, before the age of men could comprehend the stature  
and grace,  
the breadth of her widening circle of acknowledgement.  
Time for Architecture, would move, as with all things, slowly.

Throughout the Enlightenment, a period of which art,  
of apples and of pears in similitude, would influence her.  
These same images created her synthesis of Politics, history and culture.

Thus a new chapter opened as the last age closed,  
for in the world of men, there was social and cultural strife;  
the news of which, she always kept abreast of, finger on pulse.

Riots, organised by men, sometimes, because of women,  
sometimes for women, sometimes even, by women led her;

they pushed her and activated her very soul.

She loved womanhood and her own femininity, just as Science her future betrothed.

As the advent of war began to draw heavy on her mind,  
so she witnessed the first fall of civilisation.

Buildings were destroyed, walls came down, squares were filled,  
and through it all Architecture continued to grow.

She built, rebuilt and designed, but never did she leave her child in thought.

“Ariel.. I'd like a girl named Ariel!” she remembered,  
as she looked at the young child feasting on Science Seniors blueprint,  
of which she had no idea at first

Nation after nation, even in the modern age fell,  
destroyed to all bar Times Shadow.  
Over time sorrowful man grew to love her as she loved herself.

With nation falling in love with her beauty,  
from Art Gallery with painting bold, to castles and palaces.  
There was nothing, in the realm of mankind, her brush did not fix.

Chapels and Temples, to roads and nursing homes of the antiquated age.

The above poem covers a narrative as follows, which  
should give the reader and the audience an indication as to the  
nature of missing or incomplete information within a narrative  
with regards to the crises and problems that are required to be  
overcome when writing with a specific style or *voice*:-

**“Wouldst thou forsake thy kith? Thy kin? For the sake of the world,  
remember them..”**

A question of the self and individualism in competition with the macro-  
synergy of a whole nation as memorised by Cable, the computer at the  
beginning and end of time (through his black box, temporal navigation unit).

Within the world of the incorporeal and ideological construction of a world  
in which the character Time is born and reborn, lives and rules and then



ultimately is stripped of his corporeal strength and nature in order to become a transitory deity like character with subplot(s) that follow multiple characters from Love - “The doomed child of House Emotion”, The Powers, The Virtues and equally the good characters Abigail Lord and her husband Hugh Lord and the bad characters Imperator and Tyme. Time is Existent within the field of a barrier, as yet unmentioned that makes his body completely incorporeal as he attempts to travel throughout time at the point of his coronation as the leader of the Universal Constructs is a witness to the history and downward spiral of his own House in a world known as the Realty. They are members of a race of aliens known as the Ær who throughout the course of the story and through the alternate subplot of an evolution of their species through a number of transference protocols are able to witness history at an alternate pace to the deity-like character Time who is almost omnipresent through his ability to travel through time after the unmentioned imprisonment within a mechanical and organic synthesis of processes that are known as the Universal Distribution equivalent to the Unification of Absolute. This idea of the Unification of Absolute is another way of describing what ultimately incorporates the entirety of a House, both Major and Minor unifying throughout the entire world of the Realty such that they all, as a species ultimately become two characters able to interchange and transfer specific skills, knowledge and energy to two characters who lose their ability to communicate to one another over time, and potentially could be the characters Abigail and Hugh Lord, though again, this is not mentioned.

A lot of the subplot(s) and alternate realities brought up within the folklore as mentioned within the Multiphase Multiverse Inverter universe of the Incorporeal and Corporeal versions of Time, known as Amon are trapped within the human world of Abigail Lord and Hugh Lord in the initial universe who become trapped within the Icarus Probe / Daedalus Station Alpha signatory time travel experiment as they attempt to travel through time after creating and imploding a star through the use of science. The two characters being betrayed by alternate instances of both themselves, a member of the Epicentre computer systems roving weapons system in the incorporeal and corporeal operating system known as Imperator; all of this drawn as an analogy between the machine worlds, the human world and the world of the Ær collectively.

Each word, position and situation in each book can have multiple meanings depending on how the initial series is viewed in which there are specific issues with the grammar and the syntax of the series of books due to a very clear subplot in which Imperator uses temporal technology to erase the use of language throughout time such that the human race evolves or devolves rather, having to delegate highly complex tasks to alternate

members of themselves throughout the multiverse as history is erased one universe after another. This is all as a result of the role of a drug or substance known only as Obsidian 23, which coupled with quantum temporal technology and the radiation that is associated with the same, causes a chain reaction as a series of events that starts off slowly but that mirrors the unravelling of the human genome in our universe at one and the same time causing temporal dilations (and equally not causing temporal dilations similar to Schrödinger's Cat in which a cat which eats from a bowl in a cardboard box is both alive and dead at one and the same time). On a sub-quantum level, the nature of the biology that surrounds the Lords allows for the universe of the Universal constructs to mirror the worlds of both Imperator's warped but unreal destruction of the future and the past along with the search along with Tyme for our home, Earth upon stumbling upon Mrs Lord. Meanwhile Mr Lord, who loses the reality of a human bodies functionality in the future banishes his wife to a life in the past in order to save her from the horrors of the future (as mentioned in *Times Shadow I-II – Volume IV*, whilst volumes I-III mention more and more new characters who are in the same family line as both Hugh and Abigail Lord as they witness their lives through the varied line they now share in the form of the daughter they share, unbeknownst to Mr Lord, as with her infection with a disease that comes to be known as the army of humanity known as the Flood).

### **The Shadow of the Hand of Time**

The birthing ground in which Amon must be summoned from his tall tower with a view to phasing in and out of time and space to travel to alternate dimensions is the setting and scene with which the story begins and ends. This is such that the tower can only phase in and out of one specific point in space and time, and due to the laws of relativity and physics, can only travel to the same specific points in both space and time once i.e. his tower is part of a castle of photons and as such can only reside where the castle's physical presence is, as opposed to phasing in to locations that don't contain it's current or future location (both in the past, present and future). This ultimately leads to the collection of evidence in the court trial against Mankind, who later is cast out of the Realty and sent towards Earth.

The tall tower with which Mankind resides is the home of Creation equally, who being gentle and kind can not bare the weight of facing his parents prior to the ultimate sacrifice of which he commits suicide as opposed to fulfilling the role of the Universal Constructs. Love, a doomed child of House Emotion for the role she plays within the world of Universal Time Absolute faces the same repetition of a negative situation; referred to

as a bad omen or a spell, it is later found to be the Flood, of whom, ultimately the salvation and ultimate destruction of the Universal Constructs rests. This is all because, unless they, the Universal Constructs are able to learn from the computer(s) at the end and the beginning of time, there will be no history to return to or control.

Once Mankind is cast out, and the visual imagery of his blood spilling on the mirror (a metaphor for the love of a nation and the pride placed within a reflection of the same. Equally a route to the multiverse due to the very same reflection which doesn't always showcase the same idea(s) but equally provides hope and faith in the better nature of humanity, despite the cataclysmic destruction of the self), the flood is released into the Realty and into the Earth dimension in which we reside.

As a result of Abigail Lord and Hugh Lords attempts to save the planet and the universe from ultimate destruction as a result of the Obsidian 23 virus, their mirrored lives are played out in the world of the Universal Constructs. The Flood is released, causing the wiping out of the human race and of history with Science and Architecture Gothic the last and first of the Universal Constructs left in existence.

- I. Due to the fact that Science and Architecture Gothic are able to become any member of the Universal Constructs, it makes a harder conversation than at first thought as the complexity of the dynamic between conversations highlights. Architecture Gothic being less favourable towards her treatment of Mankind, as lesser beings in comparison to herself and her future husband (who thinks the world of Mankind and their compromising situation away from the Universal Constructs, such that he takes on a fatherly role within humanity similar to the role that Time would once have been expected to play all with a view to saving Mankind. Later in the stories Mankind is forgiven and due to the transference).
- II. When Creation, prior to the destruction of the Realty at the hands of the Love / Religion amalgam, witnesses the flood in a vision, he is grief stricken at the role he plays in the ending of his own civilisation. The war of the Populii General and civil revolt leaves the people unprepared for the onset of the Flood as they play their lives out in the non-linear poems, philosophies and political communication of the series of books that has led to the present moment. Architecture General, an older version of Architecture Gothic as she transitions towards her final point of stability in the end of all things attempts to coerce Creation into making Mankind fall in love with her, and as he spurns her advances, the Flood cease to be simply potential energy and become realised both in the

beginning and the End as a result of the Lord's interaction in the alternate subtext of the story.

- III. The Time that Time remembered is of a younger version of time prior to his coronation and ultimate betrayal on the throne of the Universal constructs in which the Houses of Virtue and Noble Houses alike state that "*Power is shared..*" whilst Mankind under the influence of Principle Technique controls consciousness and physiology, plus energy, each of which is a brainchild of the the character Science, saved as a blueprint of which a house is constructed unto itself.
- IV. Time loses a portion of himself as he loses his corporeal nature, the ability to be physically present within reality. As a result upon his eventual return to the corporeal nature of reality, he finds he has lost a lot of his regal nature and the power he once had has been subdivided amongst a populous that remains scarce. Whilst still standing in his prison within a Castle Keep composed of Photons, he senses the ebbing and flowing of the shores of time by the Temporal Stream. Throughout his imprisonment he is brought news of his family though as a result of their strange interconnections and the way in which they share the power of the Universal Constructs, they are all found guilty by their shadows of the very same Treason that Mankind is found guilty of as a result of the twisted logic of Architecture Gothic prior to the transcendence process which is referred to as transference.
- V. As the Houses of the Virtues attempt to control the imprisoned Time during an age in which the people of the Populii General are unawares as to the nature of the power struggle, Amon, who is the core legislator for the people and for the houses both noble and honest as well as not so, he refers regularly to the Quantum Ideal as Overseer of the people and lands of Universal Time Absolute. It is in the final moments of the war that Amon's case becomes more than it was, as Time, who chooses to find his family and return Mankind decides to save the world of the Universal Constructs from destruction by placing Amon in the position of ÆÖÇÖr, ruler of the Universal Time Absolute realms and lands, kingdoms and empires both as Justice of the peace and as it's leader (of which Love has already attempted to lay to waste the world of Shadows). As a result, Amon then realises that he has the power of a God and has to fight the temptation to use this power for anything bar righteous acts. Because it is a tale of civilisation in which all things mirror one another, the idea of war as a construction of the Universal Constructs and the characters Lord mirroring what is happening in both the

darker aspects of an idea of warfare and also of people, it is a story that is meant to highlight the possible and the impossible, the good and the bad with the readers conscience guiding a route to understanding the role of abstract story telling as opposed to solely looking at face value and making a value judgement based on either the cover, title or overall story without looking at the synergy within the story. The whole being unequal to the sum of it's parts.

VI. Equally, and this is an important point to note, the universal constructs, as a result of their use of Temporal Technology reside in a timeless age outside of time known as the fifth age; in which the rules of society are unwritten. Social constructs of civilisation such as constitutions, language, and race cease to have the same relevance as at present. This is all with a view to the servants of the future, past and the ancients are all bound by the Castle Keep of Time, his former Palace of Photons in which he resides at the beginning and is imprisoned in the end of which it is referred to as the building in the beginning.

## **Civilisation and Creation**

Civilisation, who takes on the duties of Mankind within the Universal Constructs dimension is struck by grief as her friend and partner Creation dies at the end of time and the beginning of the new world. Creation being a man like the character Mankind, is later reborn in an alternate guise which is one of the less overt formerly hidden thematic subplots of destruction and birth. Civilisation helps to construct the rules of society, which are later unwritten like the idea of a Constitution, which mirrors the ideology of language and race, both of which are constructs.

Mankind, being a constructed house, at the beginning and end of time gains servant constructs with each impending iteration of the universe throughout the Times Shadow / Multiphase Multiverse Inverter (and Interceptor) books with each of the added constructs taking on alternate individuality and character as the initial experiment on the space station is repeated time and again with the forward and at times backward motion of the time machine and Time Existent himself.

As Mankind wishes to visit the forbidden nursery of the stars, birthing place of the stars, which mirrors the misplaced judgement of Engineering in Technology (the realised construct as opposed to the character who is mother of Science) which is a place in the Realty situated within the Temporal Stream. ?This is the final and only place where Religion who drops the shards of a mirror witnessed by salvation, and Mankind can ever meet due to his exile. The virtues of the order of the

House of Religion, Father Communion Ceremonious is one of the Processes as mentioned within the series who allows communication of Religion with Mankind and the rest of the Realty who equally, though Mankind is cast out of the Realty, is still able to communicate with his people, though only momentarily.

### **Consumed Transportation**

Consumed Transportation (the forward and backward transportation throughout time and history – similar and mirrored by Cable's attempt(s) to initiate the codeword Watchdogs initiative – a group of time travelling mercenaries who are basically hijacking all of the earths inhabitants not infected with the Flood and returning them to the Geodesic space ship which is trapped in time and eventually lands on Earth destroyed) is Time enslaved on the first planet, which of course is a direct reference to Earth.

The Galactic Star Map, of which the Soldiers Gravitational and the Politicians are corrupted by details the locations, dates and places of every person that has and will ever exist throughout all of time, space and history. The Soldiers Gravitational, who initially start off as peacekeepers are ultimately overseen by a Power Overseer who is both Mechanical and Organic (Mirroring what happens to Hugh Lord before he enters the world of the Universal Constructs and is then forced to fend for himself from the invading forces of the final upgrade to the Imperator operating system and the alternate forces of Tyme and the Flood). This is Mankind's process within the realm of Corporeal Time Absolute which is another name for the Realty.

Time's hand, Amon, who is the Overseer of Legislation within the Realty, land of the Universe at The End has a daughter named Salvation (due to the synchronous mirroring of the chess-like movements of the Universal Constructs, Ariel who is the daughter of Architecture Gothic becomes a mirror of her mother in the building at the beginning of time and also the Castle Keep of Time, Times palatial prison of photons). Amon eventually becomes a servant to the multiple instances of Time whilst he is still corporeal with a view to allowing him to remain just as that along with his attempts to save the Five Justices of the Peace (the law of the Aesthetic, the law of the Scientific, the law of the Economic, the law of the Arcadia Academic and the law of the Religious). Ultimately, he attempts to save the First man pre-mankind, who ends up being the Neolithic / Palaeolithic man trapped in the cave with Abigail, who also ends up getting injured in a few instances of the repetition of the universe and also ends up releasing the flood into the air and causing the decimation of the planet Earth at one and the same time in separate instances. This same first man, becomes the final

strands of the House of Legislation, the last of the Universal Constructs fighting alongside Hugh Lord and Sergeant Spears in the very final moments of the War at the End.

Mankind becomes effeminate, which means he takes on the essence of Femininity who remains shackled as a result of the ill conceived motives of war as a spy initially. In a war in which Mankind frees both himself and Femininity from the *First World*. All of this takes place in the Celestial Crib, which is the birthing ground of the Incorporeals such as Creation who is manifested as History (stars and matter). The Overseers are the Rear Admirals and leaders of the Heavens and their associated leaders of the various armies, such as the Clocks.

Love, who is a younger religion is instructed by Amon to end the war by killing the House she belongs to, thus ending the corruption through consumption of Principle Technique, which destroys the shadows as a whole, as he is unable to in the end, only in the beginning of the story. As a result she is forced to make a decision with regards to the destruction of a piece of technology known as the Quantum Ideal, which houses the laws of the temporal Ær, the Universe and the Cosmic dust that is the wandering home of Mankind. This is the point within the first and most clear instance in which Mankind then commits Treason against Time, cyclically creating the shadows, who are repetitions of the very same lives of all of the key characters within the universe of the Universal Constructs.

Amon, who becomes the shadow of the Hand of Time, who is the shadow of the Ær King Apparent (of which Time has many multiple guises, such as Aeon and Millennia, Century and Eternity has to find a route to coalescence in the later parts of the book at the Solarium Mortem otherwise face being erased from his own timeline at one and the same time willing the same event for undisclosed reasons) lives in a tall tower that phases in and out of reality, in time and in space and equally somewhere in between, in some of the books and not others as this is all designed to highlight the similitude and divergent trends within the multiverse in which an event may or may not happen the same way in each instance of the multitudinous multiple instances of the multiverse. This tall tower is home to the future instance of Creation, who being gentle and kind of heart cannot face Eternity, his father and Forever his mother.

The Mirror which symbolises the soul of humanity is the reflection of mankind, a gift from Amon. Mankind loses a shard in the Temporal Stream, a place in the Realty – Universal Time Absolute, after playing with it it breaks. Architecture who hates Mankind for his treatment of her former betrothed is cursed as with Mankind by Love. Love, of course, who becomes doomed after a bad omen in the form of the Flood, casts a spell. The spell, meant to wear off but fails to do so after Mankind is cast out

witnesses the spilling of Mankind's blood on the mirror and the Flood is released. The Flood, equally being what happens when creation is coerced into making Mankind fall in love with someone who is not his true love.

Mankind in love is turned to the Court Celestial also known as the Court Celestii, pre and post radiation within the early years of the war for the salvation of the Populii General at the hands of the Flood in all realms. Principal Technique, in his many guises and shadows, attempts to immortalise himself with a view to saving Mankind from his fate, but is turned to a form of drink which is a process that remains unexplained, composed of many of the attributes of the Virtues. Principled Technique being the leader of the Virtues, construction of the Houses Virtue Noble. Meanwhile, Science Senior is turned to drink and dies alone and unhappy.

Principle Technique, over time, becomes corruption in the form of a liquid substance, (up to the Loss of the Virtues part I within *the Book of Grovelling* and the story of Principle Technique / Principled Technique and Principal Technique are measured throughout the story). The introduction of Salvation later in the series and in some of the notes points (hints) towards salvation as the Construction Architect Lead in the form of varying steps throughout Mankind's evolution on the First Planet, manifest as a receiver of Religion through communion (that is, she can hear Religion in the land known as the Veil (the Land between Death and Life where Time remains shackled).

### **Icarus Probe / Daedalus / Geodesic - The Beginning and the End**

Due to a synchronous environment in which a ship known as the Geodesic which houses the entirety of the human race travelling through space of which it is struck by the temporal energy of a false star being born and then imploded in deep space which acts as a catalyst for the inverse of the big bang as the process that creates time, Abigail Lords ship travels towards the end and the beginning, and as a result of the folding of space and the resulting temporal ramifications for the rest of the multiverse which initially is separated but eventually begins to coalesce as it collapses on itself (as mentioned throughout the later aspects of the Multiphase Multiverse Universe and of which *B13 and B14* are specific instances of the multiverse and the story of the Lords). The crew and staff of the Daedalus Station / Daedalus Station Alpha / Geodesic crew are all seen as members of the Multiverse, the same and different in every instance of the Multiverse and throughout the Realty as members of the Ær.

Various aspects of the stories which are increasingly demanding on the readers ability to follow the narrative as a cumulative series interlinked and divergent is a test both of reasoning and of logic designed to spark



conversation and equally allow for the development of both diction within a specific style and also introduces a number of difficult ideas such as the Virtues who are the first of the Universal Constructs to be destroyed and created at one of the first moments due to the ending of the series being similar if not unified throughout time as the same.

The similarities between Mankind as a species (spoken of throughout the series in poetic verse, philosophy and constructive criticism) and Mankind's mother and father (Religion and Time respectively) and the differences between them and their alternates in the world of Tyme and the evil version of Imperator who attempts to unify all instances of himself throughout the universe with Tyme at his side as an alternate bad character. Within the Realty of the Universal Constructs, there are good and bad characters, good and bad houses which are mentioned extensively in the Instances (The Book of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth instances of the repetition of the universe like a heartbeat as Time attempts to travel between the past and the future whilst Engineering, who utilises a time machine and manipulates it to his own ends in which the flood gain more and more power is again a separate sub-plot and thematically divisive in the turning point within a war that is mostly left to the imagination of the reader).

The entire story is set in and around the Universal Constructs final stronghold within the realty and somewhere between Earth of the past and Earth of the future as the Universal Constructs reside in a world that exists both temporally and otherwise in a format that is outside of both time and history but that mirrors the similarities between both human history and that in a form controls human history. They live charmed and frivolous lives similar to the levels of excess and wealth as envisaged by both the Romans and the Greeks of ancient times as opposed to a modern world in which anything is possible. Though, they do have one thing that differentiates them from the Romans and Greeks, a vast array of technology that is both destructive as it is powerful, of which Imperator version 4.0 is desperately searching for. Equally there is a war between the Houses Virtue and the Houses Noble which are two different empires within the Realty who are vying for control of the hearts and minds of the people of the Worlds of the Realty which contain the Populii General (or general public of the people of the Realty who are on the verge of civil revolt).

The death of the five Virtues (the households containing the five justices of the peace of the Houses of Aesthetic, Scientific, Economic and Arcadia Academic along with the House of Religion – the former home of the former leader of the Ær, who was betrayed before Time became the ruler is Principled Technique), known as the Judges of Mankind, are the initial strands of a unified house known as House Legislation, formerly controlled by the future Guardian of the realm Gravitation, who is Time's police for all

intents and purpose, soldiers of fortune later to be discussed. Between the five Virtues, the Energy, Consciousness and even the construction of materials and goods and people are used for the instances of War throughout the Realty are discussed at length throughout the *Times Shadow and Multiphase Multiverse Invertor / Interceptor* books. War and Peace are discussed as a character who has the attributes of both, but equally who is existent throughout mankind in a similar manner to the usurping of Time by Love (also known as *that doomed child* for the events that unfold throughout the course of the story leading to Time Existent becoming a shadow of himself who institutes the trial for Treason which charges the entirety of the Universal Construct civilisation for the death and eventual tying in bondage of Time himself).

Initially time chooses to dispense with the Virtues to gain power over consciousness and energy within the world of the Universal Constructs of which Will is a dangerous Power. The Powers being a system of Universal constructs who are imbued with the ability to wield Consciousness and Energy as a weapon over the wheels of mankind, who seeks refuge after the loss of Creation (who is later reborn in *the sad tale of Creation Reborn* – potentially as Salvation who is the shadow daughter of Amon, hand and shadow of the king of the Realty, Time). It is Amon who is the servant of the future, past and present instances of himself, as the rest of the characters are continuously reset and rewound with a view to conducting a court case that judges time and the people of an entire civilisation for the destruction of the same in the absence of their ruler like a constant voice from a benevolent form of social consciousness.

What follows are three poems that define the more abstract of the series concepts which are potentially the scarier parts of the writing style chosen in which the protagonist(s) and antagonist(s) are mirrored in multiple versions of the same universal definition, intrinsically being multiple versions of the same characters. This is all done in such a manner as to allow the reader to gain a different perspective of the same narrative:-

### **The Loss of Virtues (I): The book of Grovelling**

Composed of the Populii General,  
most Virtues, principle Technique of the construction,  
the Houses of Virtue are Noble,  
Council in most superior.

Science Senior is turned to drink and dies alone and unhappy.

Melancholy, in idea prolongs his agony,  
beyond death.

His spirit contained in the air,  
Portia consumes.  
Principle Technique also is consumed,  
by corruption in the form of Liquid Substance.

Introduction of Salvation  
receiver of religion.  
Principle Technique, leader of the Virtues enters,  
pre and post radiation.

Mankind friendly, mankind in love.  
Religion Lost must find himself,  
despite Civilisation facing Apocalypse.  
“Children..” she faces Apocalypse and speaks,  
to Devinous, the better half of probability cost,  
industries latest product,  
as manufactured by Engineering,  
Courtesy of Science.

Both of whom are manifest as House Arcadia Academia.  
The Law of Arcadia Academia, by the entrance of Engineering.  
Creation,

‘Destruction and Birth’  
follows *her*.  
Consciousness, the construct of House Anatomical.  
Physiology. Mankind’s veins steady,  
if only for a frozen second.

“Take him, your pet.”  
“My son.” Religion calls to Engineering,  
who doesn’t stop his Teutonic Helm,  
The source of his powers.  
He calls the Quantum Ideal, laws of  $\text{ÆÖÇÖr}$ .  
They stand amidst Mankind’s wandering home,  
the Universe and Cosmic Dust.  
Time surrounds them.

The people of all lands and realms,  
not just Corporeal Time Absolute.  
It’s people, the Populii General await the trial of Engineering.

He walks towards the Guards Gravitation,  
Forces of the Peace Justice.  
Amon, Times Hand awaits them.  
Their Guards clothes shimmer the galaxy.

Passed from eye to eye,  
Amon is betrayed in the first instance.  
Architecture Gothic passes Engineering and,  
she sees the Galaxy,  
She wants it but Guards hold lance

### **The Flood**

Imagine civilisation, manifest as man;  
prepared, and faltering as she watches the Mankind,  
once Love.  
Communion Ceremonious through matrimony  
by Father Communion Ceremonious begins  
with Communion (ÆÖÇÖr / not to be mistaken with ÆÖÇr  
- the army under the control of Time  
in only one instance of the multiverse).

God, Religion walks with her,  
then Darkness of Anger, Hate, Rage seethes  
and Darkness enshrouds Mankind in the beginning  
as he loses sight of the End.

Blood rage, famine,  
ravenous hunger overtakes him  
and Humanity becomes the Flood.

Civilisation at this point has fallen.

### **Apocalypse**

Constant Apocalypse Devinous traverses House Dystopia.  
His bad skin dark,  
darker than most common for his House,  
further than Mankind,  
Blackened by years in space.

Deepest space, home to the idea silence.

An explosion,  
Implosion, idea of the entire House Dystopia.  
“How goes the war existent,  
from the beginning to the end?”

Apocalypse Devinous, her name Lucia and sister Portia.

## Notes

As with other books, and due to the nature and complexity of the Multiphase Multiverse Interceptor books, I have provided a few headings which detail the order and nature of the non-linear worlds of the Universal Constructs in which they are able to simply jump between timelines. The only and probably most important point of note is the two main characters (as with all of the characters) cease to be the people they once were in the present and reside within the bodies of the person they will be in the future, as a long line of shadows in shadow universes and dimensions whilst the main story of the Universal Constructs remains in the original dimension.

### As yet unused ideas and concepts and a timeline of the Events in the world of the Universal construct

1. Armour of the Seeker: Coalescence as a theorem unification
2. Armour of the Seeker: Time Corporeal Shackled
3. Armour of the Seeker: The Book of War
4. The First Age: Tale of the Creation of Star, the creation of the first man
5. The First Age: Obsidian 23 and the First man
6. Remembrance of Star; the Keeper of the Blackened Isle: of Space and Matter
7. Remembrance of Star; the Keeper of the Blackened Isle: Obsidian 23 and the Masquerade
8. Funeral of the Balance Equilibria (an epic poem)
9. Obsidian 23 and the Fall Orchestral
10. The Distress of Civilisation; Creator of Industry
11. The Choirs Obsidian: Foundation of Culture as Executioner and Judge Most High
12. The Consumption of Light: Mankind as a poison
13. The Consumption of Light: House of the Supreme Magistrate
14. The Consumption of Radiation by Mankind by day (an epic poem)
15. The Consumption of Radiation by Mankind by night (an epic poem)

16. The Clocks of Time: A mirror reflects the Armour of the Seeker; Time mobilises
17. The Eyes of the Diviner: Leaders of the Freedoms
18. The Eyes of the Diviner: Forever and Eternity protect the Capitals of Civilisation as Manifest as Mankind's
19. The Final Judgement of All
20. The Many children of Religion: Constructing the Homes of the Populii General
21. Mankind meets the Transference of Salvation: Projection as a Clock Chieftain
22. Architecture Gothic: the antecedent and progenitor of war
23. Experience, memory and thought; ideas of the House of Construction
24. Capitals: Leaders of Politicisation: Utopia is cross examined by Counsel
25. The Capitals: Morality misled by Mankind in the first instance
26. The Capitals: Leaders of Trade
27. The Capitals: Mankind on whom all things rest
28. The Capitals: Introduction to the Two Clocks
29. The Capitals: Temptation as Diviner of all men and the Peace of Mankind's (I)
30. First Men and Respect
31. The Capitals: The Clocks of Race and Language
32. Armour of the Seeker: The Soldiers of Time Incorporeal
33. Armour of the Seeker: Book of Peace
34. Armour of the Seeker: The Attitudes Attacked by the Temptation of the Moods
25. Arrogance and Ego deposed from House Emotion
26. The Destruction of House Emotion by Terror
27. The Angers Seek a flame of Swordsmen (the army of the Wrath Divine)
28. Frustration at the loss of the Virtues (II)
29. Scorn in Time of Peace
30. The Romanesque Warrior of Clan Peace
31. Scorn in Time of War
32. Divinium: A Solution to the Ancients Corrupt
33. The Armour of the Age
34. Separation of the Clocks
35. The age saved from desolation at the hands of Civilisation corrupt and Destruction
36. Insanity and Infirmary as Ancients
37. The Machinations of Engineering
38. The Religious Ancients Lost: Searching for Religion and Mankind (lost)
39. The Religious Ancients Lost: The Builders subjugated by Ethics, Morality and Justices

40. The Hourglass: Keeper of Time Imprisoned
41. The Sundial (Birth of Stars I): The Watch
42. The Sundial (Birth of Stars II): The Night Watch
43. Philosophy and Questioning held to ransom by Reasoning and Logic
44. Damnation is consumed with envy for dead Creation
45. The Court Celestii and Judgment in the First Instance
46. The Creation of the Synthetic Analogous
47. Mandate of Consumerism; creator of the Rights and Freedoms of Politicisation
48. Science finds Religion at great cost.
49. Science lost: The treachery of Engineering
50. The Foundary of Warfare at the home of War
51. The Forge of a Star Eternal
52. The Forge of a Star Incomplete: The Sword of Darkness

The '*crisis*' is a look at the nature of writing in the real world. The '*problem*' is a scene by scene, line by line *need* that is required to be *fulfilled* in order for the character to progress in order to continue towards the end of the narrative. A consistent approach that incorporates preparation on a day to day basis should form the routine of prompting ones writing, thus the writer improves through routine mannerisms that aid in their own personal journey to alter, improve or maintain a stable writing style. This can be undertaken in a number of ways, that includes collecting and amassing a list of files or researched work that aids in overcoming the '*crisis*', namely that of writers block. I hope that my words are of value to yourself as a writer and where they are, I wish you all the success in the world.

Part I : The Total Writing System  
Methodology and Ideology



**The Total Writing System Method:** Aims (or problems and solutions to the same)

### 1.1

Within this linguistic discourse, predominantly designed to help children to get to sleep (along with a form of communication with parents and equally a writing tool aimed at teaching anyone and everyone to write) without bias in a dialectical syntax, the following are the aims of the same:-

- VII. *In the form of a dialogue with the audience and;*
- VIII. *in which speech is predominantly defined as the role of a parent/teacher or guardian within the role of parent/teacher/guardian etc.*
- IX. *as a tool for allowing anyone to learn to write in a similar and somewhat familiar manner.*

This is such as there appears a theoretical framework within the works surrounding the Multiphase Multiverse Inverter Universe(s) in which grammar, syntax and narrative are a core component of which, all are defined within the narrative of a complex and almost analogous system of natural language. Whilst at first glance, it appears easy to define a poem as a stand-alone construction of individual language, there is more to the general unifying theorem of the framework known as the Total Writing System. All of this is such that the nature of the object of language and its use becomes the subject of orientated normative cultural subjective ideals (specifying the difference between objective and subjective roles within the narrative or within any given narrative through the constructive evaluation and analysis

as follows). Other area's of interdisciplinary study such as for instance science, technology and engineering, social anthropology and legislation as well as autocratic and democratic hierarchical structures and the foundations of civilisation feature heavily as mentioned characters within various aspects of the more abstract work to follow. These are exhibited within a diatribe or dialogue in which the poetry allows an opportunity for communication and dissemination of the key themes portrayed within the work; whether that is in a group or as individuals with children or otherwise.

The reason, without focusing on religion is because monotheistic culture focuses on the same ideology shared in part, which is touched briefly upon with a view to defining theistic monoculture through a reimagining of all relative theology and experiential psycho-social evaluation and analysis of converging and diverging trends within sovereign borders both nationally and internationally.

The role of institutions and institutionalisation of society such that a preponderance towards formative and normative verbal, written or visual communication both within academic structures and equally more general interdisciplinary societal contracts of which leads us to areas of specificity and rules within the specific conventional and cultural convention of academic conversation whether monologues, dialogues or analogous synthesis of form in the format with which the reader consumes. This is all completed such that the reader accomplishes a level of academic excellence in the form of diction if nothing else, such that the conversion from colloquial to multi-lingual and multi-interdisciplinary development becomes their (the readers and writer(s)) role.

In this regard it should be noted that writer(s) is taken to mean, any singular person who chooses to use either a technical or non-technical development structure and ambient post analysis and review of either this series or a future successive series of books in which '*mind over matter*' becomes quality, quantity and variability within a key core elemental series of subjective /

objective ideas. The subjective / objective matrix thus becomes how one person views either their own work or that of other peoples work both prior to and post development of the same idea e.g. time, space, multiverse etc.

The point or aim is to create a synthesis between multidisciplinary scenario's in which a person learns from both their environment and from every aspect of every person and objectively promotes a subject such that they improve as a writer. Now, as writing is easy for some and harder for others, development of a structure which creates the superfluous motion, namely, fluidity within a powerhouse of creative and imaginative structure comes with time, practice and constant and consistent self motivation (or encouragement). That is to say, as a predetermined understatement, open and free outlooks on divergent linguistic trends would define the difference between normative versus formative and performance based accounts provided in each and every book. In this primary series (the multiphase multiverse inverter series) the aim was to develop:-

- i. Diction with a view to enhancing self confidence and direction of writing, a literary style and knowledge of a catalogue of work (whether self directed or otherwise).
- ii. Moral standards through communication (be that through the ideology surrounding parents and children, teachers and their students or somewhere in between).
- iii. Educational syllabi within primary, secondary and tertiary infrastructures and potentially a bridge between all three (namely where there is none available).
- iv. Education outside of educational structure either prior to or post academic success.
- v. Encouragement with a view to promoting further development of a positive guide for future generations of writers (and positive enhancement of the bedtime reading experience through polite addition to any bookshelf).

**The Total Writing System Method:** Aims II (or problems and solutions to the same)

## 1.2

The discourse that dictates the language, culture and syntax of racialised speech emphasises and enforces stereotypes. Stereotypes being a form of more obscure and divisive negative heuristic idioms. That is to say over time the difficulties associated with divergent race in multicultural societies becomes a form of educated supposition in which relational symmetry is defined.

Over time, the politics that surrounds class is refined to incorporate multiple perspectives of poor or deteriorating citizenship and identification of attitudes formerly associated with blue collar and '*working class*' voting practices and ideologies. Namely, this forms itself in the association and incorporation of '*second class*' citizenship in which the bias of an entire nation is promoted through the acceptance of firmly held beliefs enshrined in the media and also developed in the same. The role of democratic socialisation and normative role of legislation in left leaning society is for all citizens regardless of age as characterised through institutional education in which equality exists within their infrastructure(s).

Class defined through the varying lenses of strategic, tactical and operational viewpoints expresses convention and acceptance of the organised rules and development within organised structures. As such the failure of society happens to be where a child ceases to be included in the identification of the role of participatory education. This limits the development of not solely social skills through defying as opposed to defining social skills or defining culture and class through societal lens(es).

Equally education in all things from law as a mandatory primary subject at the core edict and role of making or breaking *rights* and *reforming* equality of opportunity is key. In so doing, it highlights current and future trends in inequality as unjust and as unfair. Rebuilding equality as a legitimate quest for freedom, rights and constitutional power and justice as right (in the form of human rights) and duty in the form of a societal contract in which welfare reform is applied and adjusted in line with inflation is also a similar narrative later to be delved into.

Parenthood as a motivation for youths is a dangerous analyses due in part to the overly sexualised media which psychologically allows youths to form grandiose ideas, connected to self worth as promoted through media infrastructure in which children grow to learn the very same social stereotypes (of which this is a mild generalisation) that halts the progression of society through repetition of the same arguments that have raged since the Representation of the Peoples Act(s).

The role of education through the use of language creates, critiques and self analyses society continuously without hindrance, reinforcing the equal opportunity, at times overshadowed by the hardship faced by single parent households. The difficulty of the failure in schools along with secondary and tertiary education (evolved from high school institutions through to college and university spaces) are open to all, though not all feel they have the requisite skills, knowledge, education or diction to compete in highly competitive markets.

The aim, through utilisation of simple and complex narratives would be to repeat key ideas of interest and discussion to ensue as opposed to directing the course of thought or action (such that a moral counter is pointed towards the morals and values of a society and former negative ideas and ideologies are enshrined as points of argument against right wing ideology). Intelligence through academia and academic principles such as the vocalisation, normalisation and constant appraisal within welfare structures of education are again key when thinking of the same. This can be focused through a reduction in hate speech evidenced through limitation of the use of stereotypes in the form of racism.

As such, it would then point education and the democratic infrastructures and structures as professional, guided tools designed to provide for the state against fascism and right wing politics and policies. This in turn would lead society in this case to be more than free to focus on the ideology and education of peace whilst allowing checks and balances on the psycho-social level as opposed to focusing solely on targeted groups, classes and the wealthy (i.e. halting civil unrest due to mental ill health, lack of self care and allow for the psychological health check of a nation with a view to overcoming radicalisation through institutions which enshrine institutionalisation.

Again, this comes to the fore in a reduction of wastage in society through a social role for every citizen as opposed to the model of crime that encompasses six key points:-

- Crime and youth.
- Crime and gangs.
- Crime and authority.
- Crime and deterrents.
- Crime and the role of discipline.
- Crime and role of juvenile detention.

Reduction of which would not only save the state multiple forms of wastage within a capable and hard working, honest and honourable civil populous, replacing crime with self worth of the individual through the media's multiple vessels and channels in

direct partnership with government and the police. All of this as seen through Strategic (5+ years), Tactical (medium term, 1-3 years) and the shorter term Operational lens (up to 1 year).

**The Total Writing System as an Infrastructure** : The National Entitlement Card that works as Democracy rather than on a Concessionary basis

### 1.3

General aims, questions and points of note with regards to the disparaging and increasing divergence of the great divide in cultural wealth within class divisions as a note on the richness of a soul, the character of a nation and societal traits that point towards shared and divergent personality within cultural syntax. The differences between a normative labour economy within a social welfare state, or any state point towards the struggle(s) to clothe, feed and heat, house and entertain a civil populous versus the strain on government treasuries and political econometrics worldwide as a route out of pre-founded forms of societal bias. A relaxation within educational infrastructures and institutions

allows limitations within any given society and creates an assumption of wealth whereby wealth within a capitalist, socialist or communist infrastructure is shared amongst either the entire populous or solely within an elite infrastructure that serves the few and not every aspect and corner of a nation. Despite this fact, corruption within each of the above mentioned systems is endemic, obvious and a strain to the public purse as well as of detriment to the health and well-being of any society due to the rapid rate of progress of every industry and infrastructure outside of social welfare.

The historic nature of job creation through government intervention and private and public partnerships as evidenced through various offices and departments should highlight a route to alleviating civil unrest and education through principles that are shared within the global civil populous. But without hindrance as to intergenerational difference(s) in opinion, education and background (standardisation as a defence for structure, order and co-operation within any and every nation) allows a route to making poverty history as opposed to historic. For true competition of any state to become a reality, equality of each sovereign nation would have to be a reality. But where the public(s) of each nation allow the endemic nature of child poverty and malnutrition to remain a reality in the modern age, adult literacy and full compliance within governmental structures would have to point towards creating not solely competitive forces within any country but rather a route to the end of corruption.

Architecture in this light is painted as both modern and archaic, with older listed buildings highlighting the heritage of industries that underpinned the political and politicised language of wants and needs, both within the language, grammar and syntax of needs and wants. Marketing utilised and targeted aggressively towards a pre-teenage market every day (as well as more adult fields and disciplines within any given market, literature or culture) paint the inevitability of consumerism within any man or woman, or even a child's nature; regardless of



whether they are selfless / self-serving / subordinate in capacity to gain for the drive for more capital.

The double-edged sword of a temporal (or time based economic guide and the social contract of the systematic abuses of welfare and education) within any economy whether it is of scale or even a political economy comes with it's own triggers and set-backs as a result of ideology that either promotes, develops or limits the same. The distribution, applicability and seasonality of preserved concepts, ideals and academic as well as literary economic values from heuristic idioms are the temporal economy manifested through culture, history, art and politics in the form of law as an educated principle.

A simplification of trends in agriculture, business, trade (domestic and foreign) over regionalised and national industry, manufacturing and engineering of **new and genuinely useful** products and services for both adult and junior markets split into demographic sub categories in this regard is a necessity. Refining social education with a view to increasing civil service as opposed to increasing solely welfare budgets with a view to ending the plight of any and all kinds of poverty, and especially homelessness in a world that has enough space to house every human life (or should) along with educating and providing for jobs is the new order of this and every successive generation. But how can this be achieved? Through tertiary education in both physical and natural science for anyone on social welfare with a view to alleviating the very same ills that create social bias.

Improving the self-worth of all nations, people(s) as a societal goal within technical and non-technical fields both domestically and overseas through promotion and encouragement of non-biased, person centred approaches to societal issues and non-judgemental values of successive generations allows for just such a system. The value placed on removal of stereotypes in society and criminalisation of the poor as well as counter-terrorism within globalisation and the use of camera's in alleviating [**and**] reinforcing positive rules within society such that corruption is driven out from the bottom

upwards may initially cause instability within value cultures of a nation(s) people as the redevelopment of society falls on the very people(s) it serves. An example would include the distribution and durability within primary, secondary and tertiary manufactured goods worldwide through international competition. The ideology that the philosophy of competitive forces within business, industry and trade accepts social actors but not social activism (and their related activists). Thus the limitations of a glamorous lifestyle with regards to the natural beauty of any nation versus the utilisation of clothing and foodstuffs marketed to support the United Nations world wide as a relief effort in which Food Banks would be operated by multinational corporations such as supermarkets with a view to limiting the level of taxation paid to government (would also require provision of services such as medication outside of traditional charitable goods and services in unequal divisions of both labour and service or trade).

The scientific analysis of a temporal economy such as a 24 hour gym on the national grid highlights the success and or benchmarking of a complete society in need of continuous overhaul through the knowledge gained from Management infrastructure regardless of capital gain. An example of this point is noted when looking at the strain on the national grid of a lamp post that is not energy efficient or cost effective, secure and equally able to promote the use of conscious capitalism or ethical key indicators within capital use (i.e. CCTV in lamp posts to prevent and deter crime both with the knowledge and application of individual policing efforts within civilised culture whereby locking up individuals at the first instance is beside the point, the point being to save lives and protect the public, whilst changing the role of a civil servant from civilised educated servant of the people to civilised educated public members who serve one another in roles fit for purpose).

Small business start-ups analysed through education and diversification of a service sector as well as workforce(s) in comparison to benchmarked global startups in the same fields

again highlights yet another point, namely that of education and competition in companies to the assumption of combined wealth and individual wealth within *any* sovereign state as well as *every* sovereign state. This is the question of democracy, privacy and rights and freedom's in the modern age. Global governance being a mixture of soft and hard skill sets and the definition of a well rounded education without mandatory legal studies (in high school or possibly earlier with a view to reducing crime as opposed to criminalising the public).

*Key questions:-*

- ✗ Can the corrupting influence of the power of wealth be classed as righteous or unrighteous in the eyes of the rich as well as the poor and distinctly destitute?
- ✗ Can the economy and accumulation of wealth ever be classed as a political form equal in states, households and individual global demography?
- ✗ Is poverty just or wholesome?
- ✗ Is wealth respectable or are human rights a richness beyond comparison? (this is not either / or)
- ✗ is wealth respectable or are human rights a richness beyond comparison?
- ✗ Is pride in an empty purse a virtue cursed?
- ✗ Is there honour in wealth or is it contemptible?

A note on Social Welfare and Social Education as a National Entitlement Card available to every member of the public whilst questions of private versus public (or) private public partnership(s) within any field.

The National Entitlement Card should be simple. Once activated by a parent, their child's card should allow them access to:-

- ✓ Bank (a pre-payment system regulated by Government {or Gov.})
- ✓ National Insurance

- ✓ Bus Pass
- ✓ Benefits
- ✓ Matriculation into school, college and university
- ✓ Council and library services and accounts
- ✓ Government access
- ✓ National Identity cards (replacing paper I.d worldwide – such as a passport)
- ✓ Social Welfare – from host country
- ✓ Social Education – from any and every institution through distance learning as directed by the United Nations in order to allow pairing and equal opportunity of learning for all students on social welfare which would allow for a national and international system of prepayment into academic and government systems for institutions working closely with all governments in line with anti-poverty and anti-corruption infrastructures.

### *Disclaimer*

Due to the nature of these books, which all point towards the same idea and ideology, this is simply a suggestion towards a [*global*] democratic society.

**The Total Writing System** : The educational stimulus within a culture of academia starting with equality of diction

### 1.4

The following and preceding books all have a specific vocal authority with regards to the narrative simply defined through the

role of education and legislation in defining the importance of diction and grammatical syntax in which the onus is on the individual reader / writer / student within a societal contract. A note on having to learn the law of a nation starts with the government portal(s) that currently and likely will exist in the future with a view to teaching anyone from any nation how the development of common and civil law led to the development of society. The importance of diction within a subject such as law is derived through English and Latin translations; thus the process of learning and creation become deeply intertwined such as to allow self development through a system of books within a singular bookshelf. Whilst they (the books) are designed to be stand-alone, they equally are a system in which the writer and the student, parent and teacher alike will be able to see the fruits of a system that allows for a multitude of inspiration due to the depth of subject material.

Where there are a number of issues that are required to be discussed or considered disadvantageous (such as for instance the policies and politics of far right versus the politics of left in which liberal trends and trains of thought are the role of any and every nation, *equality of diction* then translates to moral acceptance or refutation of specific thematic points. For example the evils of exclusionary language within the role of mental health and the cure for the same through a revaluation of an individuals self worth within society through a social and cultural role in the psychological make-up of a nation). As such a structured and multi-tiered strategy is created through the comprehension of thematic discourse in which development of the self is paramount as an ideology with a view to incorporating the individual within a societal setting through education as ultimate equality. The strategies employed in assessing self dedication and commitment to a thematic discourse over the course of a month, regardless of initial comprehension should by the end of the reading leave the reader with a conscious and constant understanding of the expectation of a societal contract. This can be viewed through the syntactical lens of the

environmental factors surrounding a mature and civil society through the use of linguistic approaches to broaching the subject of dialogue with regards to harder to communicate ideas such as the politics and identity of racial phenomenon and phonemes in written and academic infrastructures.

Application of current and future trends as well as historical perspectives with regards to national and international academic principles highlighted through the images of light and dark subjects, comedy, poetry, philosophical and political as well as divergent trends within racial and religious expectation of political correctness within a social and anti-social definition of the same issues associated with education. The culture of speech and the use of specific forms of language to point towards national sentiment and international specifications of the requirements of the use of language develops the individual perspective thus altering the freedoms(s) by putting the emphasis of a societal contract on the individual. Where they choose to take up the challenge of writing, developing and aiding in the psychological evaluation of the nation they live in, they become a part of a larger project in which the synthesis of natural and constructed ideas and perspectives allows for a redevelopment of the acceptance of national and cultural values in a normative setting. The analysis and critiquing of internal and external forms of bias on an individual and societal level then creates the image of macro and micro (large or small) conceptions of society in which, the idea of looking at the synergistic elements of language (the sum of the parts not being equal to the whole, as with *Simplicitas dignita et iudices*) on an individual and societal level.

Equally the onus of development of a narrative is then placed as a constant discursive and discursive is placed on the language used and the information sources as primary tools with a view to developing problem solving and critical language use over time within a specific narrative. Discussion between parent / teacher / guardian(s) and the development of the promotion of educated principles within the nature of a civil society in the form of discourse as a dialogue as opposed to a judgement of

civil society then allows the individual to develop themselves rather than competing with (themselves) in the form of completion of a degree or form of education through social welfare. This is utilised in the format of political and philosophical constructive criticism and poetical analyses (in a simplified format that define a number of divergent and convergent trends within society and ultimately the construction of an age of enlightenment through thematic conceptions and the use of tone within the inferences made as a result of moral and societal discussion which should ensue between parent / teacher and guardian(s) as well as children).

Transition between passive and active oral and written thematic discourse as a dialogic interchange between the writer and the reader requires a responsive and direct construction of the moral nature with which liberal art and culture inspire further art and culture in a cyclical rotation of similar and further reaching values that are not solely racial but social (as a point of note, an example of a thematic dialogue might include the dialogue of *5<sup>th</sup> of October : 9pm*. The idea of one nation being picked upon as opposed to any other nation being responsible for the use of education leading to an instance of annihilation of a nation would be in opposition to the direction and movement of an entire civilisation. The aim being to remove the 'ad nauseam' of a negative thematic ideology such as that of race or lack of freedom or sovereignty. This in turn puts the writer somewhere between educator and reader as well as producer where they take up a societal contract in order to develop their local, national and international self-image as well as becoming an ambassador for the nation they serve as a civil servant in any form whilst fulfilling their own role in society. All of this is such that the current and future student aims to become a current and future writer, whether this is through organised educational infrastructure or otherwise is a role as yet to be developed.

Definition of the grammar in the direct and indirect uses of the Total Writing Systemic and environmental learning processes are defined in the role of the individual and the worth of the same

in broaching more difficult subject material; the relevance of which relates to the compound foundation of a learning strategy. Religion, though theistic within the ideology of a monoculture, highlights without expressly being overt or the inverse of the same, on an individual and societal level. Political, economic, social and technological as well as legislation and environmental factors without (and equally within) the demography of democratic infrastructure of educational stimulus.

Cognitive development of both adult literacy through both protracted and emphasised use of incorrect grammatical syntax then aims for all individuals to aim, teach and learn equally at the same time as a route to education and democracy with a view to creating Global Disarmament discussion and (or even) a vote within every democratic infrastructure working towards an equal position within space and time. Development of self-motivation and learning through the *Societal Civil Contract* e.g. such as that discussed within the *Declaration of Education and Social Welfare* as a means to creating a multi-tiered social welfare reform programme such that social inclusion is not on the basis solely of merit or worth of an individual but actually on the academic and societal value placed on the idea of ***Absolute Equality. I.e the faster all of society on a planetary level develops, the quicker the world as a whole will achieve a position within a space based organisation and infrastructure as opposed to applying the competitive forces of one nation over another.***

Personal goal setting and normative guidance, critique and analyses of what a democratic interchange of social value would look like both in a realised educational setting and equally with a view to developing positive mannerisms, behaviours, dialogue and interchange with democratic infrastructures. Equality of Opportunity as a Societal Contract that defies individual perceptive behaviour and the use of language with a view to defining the opposite of bias through questions of social bias, class and the need to alleviate poverty through any and all means (such that lives are saved in winter, summer and equally any



season in which the environment is still affected such that there is a danger that people either dehydrate or freeze whilst contracting potential sickness and disease on the streets of any nation). Equally, development of a coping schemata such that the efforts of bullying and of the bullied (for children and equally for adults) is removed with a view to noting the nature of productions of written material.

**The Total Writing System formative ideologies:** Trading between a system of market places designed to support world trade in the event of an economic crash of the inflationary model of socio-econometric structures within an African model

United Nations peacekeepers utilised with a view to access from a diplomatic core of officials resident within the capital city of every country on the globe with a view to making technical specifications with a view to utility within the space race development of a core contingent of future Mars residents would allow for Peace keeping forces to aid in Global Disarmament replacing all the police, army and fire department as well as ambulatory services with immediate effect in a fair and free society would allow access to diplomats in every country. This is a wordy sentence, but the soldier's of *cross or other sections* would have one sole prerequisite to joining the army. This sole prerequisite would be the sole route to the United Nations System. You must be religious in one way, shape or form in order to learn from the legislative standard of the United Nations from the inside. First the best case scenario of a disarmed civil populous in Edinburgh in which the police recently ceased a contingent of guns in Moredun. Meanwhile the worst case scenario, an orphanage filled with H.I.V / Aids children.

Both of these scenario's highlight the same issue from a different angle. In Detroit the right to bear arms limits the ability to increase rates of adult literacy through employment post social contract to pay benefits with a view to encouraging a civil populous en masse to education and employment. Meanwhile in Europe the European Union is attempting to squeeze Great Britain financially for contracts that they would rather not let go for the sake of transient multifaceted diplomatic dialogues. This point is not an educational discourse but rather the point is, United Nations Peacekeeping forces have to become adept at

civil service as well as armed conflict and feeding the poor through construction of an education infrastructure and architecture syllabus. Radiation from the earth's sun as a point of note will likely be a cause of cancer due to the earth's equator being closer to the surface of the sun during certain points within the earth's rotating wobble through the surface of the universe in the form of a galaxy that over time will either move further from other galaxies or closer to other galaxies due to radiation. All whilst the black hole at the centre of the galaxy churns constantly, hungry for more. Space is a fascinating place.

Non-militarisation of non-combatant civil populous in lieu of consumer education through scientific specialisation. African police guards who replace civilian and police forces with a view to training in how to handle a civil populous without weapons post gun and knife amnesties within a contingent of United Nations peace keeping forces with a view to highlighting the interests of Global Disarmament to international trade. The de-weaponisation of every nation state would then be only applicable under the auspices of planetary invasion as opposed to invitation to fight war against terrorism in anything but destruction of the black market within 1-3 years. The role of the United Nations Headquarters would be to peacefully interact with and as the police and anti-corruption infrastructure within democratic and sovereign states as equals. Where there was refusal of any nation to commit, they cease to have access and face a bar on all forms of trade, including provision of technology, academic interaction, institutions of economy including the World Bank, International Monetary Fund and World Health Organisation to name but a part of the United Nations system including the Security Council and National Anti-Terror and Interpol infrastructures.

Capacity building of government office through anti-corruption infrastructure training; distance learning on civil policing and legislative learning for the entire civil populous incorporating Science, Technology, Engineering, Management, Natural Science and Architecture and Construction. Equality is a

state of mind. Public participation in apprenticeship would be the first phase (2-3 month class based learning system for the entire uneducated {by uneducated I mean anyone who has either little to no education post primary school} in colleges and universities built for purpose. This would allow for a public census of the entire populous as each member learns of a public agenda such as:-

1. Public education with a view to democratic systems and responsible voting, the dangers of corruption and police infrastructure through the law with a view to teaching civil public through all mediums from the internet to television as a form of societal reparations with a view to creating new business start-ups post *Societal Civil Contract*.
2. Globalised thinking with a view to teaching both the youth and mature individuals in western nations how to view anti-racist and biased equal opportunities through the foundation of a United Nations system viewpoint.
3. Economy and taxation through *Social Welfare* which at present doesn't necessarily exist for the poorest of society whilst the people who do have jobs are blessed with extremes of wealth beyond all racial boundaries.
4. Societal remuneration and foundation of societal justice and actual equality as opposed to perspectives.
5. Building economical and built for purpose cities in Africa; fit for British consumption as an example of a standard (with architecture in ancient Grecian and classical Roman or Venetian, Dutch, German, American or other contemporary and ancient styles as an honest example of reparations) habitable to an adaptable and potential aspect of renaissance thinking.

**Education and Healthcare :** A United Nations System addendum to an agenda and theory with regards to Making Poverty History in all it's forms throughout the world(s) present and future

To begin with I'd like to define through each and every one of my books, the nature of class based economies within a global society which is the nature of the narrative in each book. In an age where South American drugs cartels are in control of a civil populous, each of whom have a need for direction and for both salvation, through the varying forms of education and healthcare, as a result of enforced slavery, as a form of workforce for the same cartels, the questions revolving around these situations begins to become clearer. It is akin to the former Apartheid that was showcased throughout the world in South Africa and now North America along with the Gaza strip and Israel. The Balkan regions are facing corruption trials for leaders who may or may not have taken the role of office as seriously as they should have. Secondly I would like to make not as to the Total Writing System, based on education as opposed to capital with social inclusion through education of an entire global populous.

Previously I wrote about the dangers of smoking and drugs, now I shall explain. Smoking, prior to cancer makes your teeth bleed. Don't start smoking if you haven't started already. Drinking destroys your liver which affects a number of different organs. Both of these coupled with narcotics affect the transmission of oxygen from the heart to the brain and can lead to a multitude of illnesses which are a strain on an already overburdened healthcare service. Thus, Nutrition and healthcare become paramount in the role of protecting and surviving the age through simple self-care, be that through healthcare and well-being amongst a civil populous both domestically and abroad. Maturity aptitude and merit come in with regards to the following globalised and localised issues:-

Problem(s) and issues within Political infrastructure(s) globally and domestically :- Homelessness within and adult and civil civilian and former military populous.

- HIV/Aids/Cancer/Ebola is namely undetectable where there is not an infrastructure in place to allow for the

checking of transmission within a civil populous within homeless people.

- Agricultural impetus in feeding the homeless; vegetables, nutrition and diet are a major issue for the homeless.
- Policing and protection both of people who have homes and people who do not have homes is (and should be) a priority through social upheaval and psychological make-up of *any* and *every* country.
- The history and nature of poverty within society and the limited nature of infrastructure globally supporting those at the absolute bottom of society.
- The use (or lack of) transportation and infrastructure to support and aid in the fight to end poverty globally.
- Economy and crime along with the cost and toll to judicial proceeding *where there are crimes committed* at the cost of the public purse.
- Anti-corruption stances within democratic infrastructure.
- Education within a tolerant and civil ageing populous.
- National and international agencies designed to fight poverty.
- The role of mining and manufacturing in international and global markets and the ethical treatment of the impoverished with a view to altering the role of scarce resources (this is only one out of billions upon billions of planets. The moon has gold. Why destroy one planet if we cannot find a way to coexist and live in peace).
- Conservation of flora, fauna and natural ecosystems.
- Child and adult literacy.
- Art and culture along with the development(s) within trade and aid along with disaster relief.
- The environment and the melting of the polar ice caps and increases in temperature on a global scale (of which this information was known in the 1970s but due to lack of political will, very little progressive change has promoted the need internationally until recent generations).

- Secular religion and education within any field (namely natural science) outside of religion. Faith is as important as survival on a planet that is growing bleak due to lack of faith.
- Welfare and rights in light of taxation and the role of taxation within any stable economy.
- The monetisation of education and healthcare as a symptom of a greater need for change.
- Construction within agricultural societies and housing as an opportunity cost for an increasing civil populous.
- The rate and pace of change within any nation on the globe along with the question of sovereignty over power misused and under utilised as opposed to the role (the actual role of) democratic and constitutional rights.
- The media and the prosecution and (or) promotion of an ideal:-
  - The citizens
  - Infrastructure and business
  - educational stimuli
  - change management
- Police /Ambulance and Fire service capacity building in nations that don't necessarily have them as a prerequisite for reducing the onset of immigration along with the role of service capacity building.
- Consistent and clear leadership within the public eye through the use of all mediums with a view to establishing both a public and peer based dialogues that allow for the role and duty of government to be fulfilled.
- Mental ill health (coping strategies and the role of teaching the stigma surrounding mental ill health)
- Female as well as all rights and the nature of unequivocal Absolute Equality.
- The prevalence of substance misuse and alcohol misuse in minors.
- Land use and land management

- Human resources allocation and the distribution of individuals within United Nations Headquarters worldwide with positive discrimination and equal participation within an international organisation. i.e. participatory and democratic inclusion within the infrastructure.
- Evacuation and emergency relief infrastructure appraisal and redevelopment.
- Contingency planning and opportunity costing.

## **Part II: A play**



## **Speech of the Route to Actuality**

1 (Polymarchus) : Good after-morrow Tenabris!

2 (Tenabris) : Good after-morrow Polymarchus. How goes the afternoon of your fathers discontent?

1 : Ah me! This demon Love has forsaken us all; leaving only the vestiges of a shell upon the Route to Actuality.

2 : How so? When last I heard, you and your lady, Desire, were on rout to Actuality.

1 : Well, though I fear father has deigned to play a part in the route, of which we have spoken of so oft and for nought, I fear

this to be the final straw. I dreamt dreams of the bards of old, walking over the boards that thinly veiled reality. That reality, the calamity of an ash-filled pool, surrounded by the ink of a by-gone age. Civilisation has fallen, unnoticed by the very guardians we once would have prayed to.

2 : What are we to do for that is a serious turn of events?

1 : Far be it from me dear friend, to hold you back, hand on hilt primed; but this is an issue for the leader as opposed to 'I' of whom, the resurgence of a native tongue and poor quality education standards would leave all in a more than precariously difficult position.

2 : Should our tales end on this day, I shall fear no more than this state. To war we ride and on this day, may honour and valour ride with you.

1 : To war we shall ride, and with you.

2 : Despite the nature of this our Dystopia in which the field of our tri-state exists as neither polity, nor kingdom, empire, nor country, we stand at an impasse impassible.

1 : I, no more than any other fully understand the ramifications of all that you currently state; yet you have failed to catch the objective point of something of the importance of a situation such as this.

Time and the Legion of Unity

**Salvation** [*acting as Principle Narrator in Chief*] : The light bends, curving and arcing over the Palace of Photons, only to land, striking the pre-existential tower keep in the northern east-most wing of the Castle of our king signalling his impending arrival at the edge of Universal Distribution. As he approaches

ever closer to his destiny, one of the messengers of fate marches towards the Kingdom of the Realty, land of the Universal Time Absolute.

A series of rules known as the Quantum Ideal are projected from the Castle of our ruler, directed towards the keep; the light of which follows a conglomeration of soundless emptiness is followed periodically only by the lightless sound of the overflowing celestial crib. Behold, our King approaches. Harken your thoughts to the entrance of my better, leader of the free peoples in revolt, civil; of the Populii General. Rouse your voices and prepare for the coming of the King by day and by night. Our lord time, for whom the honour and glory of the vestiges of war traverses the streets of his Kingdom. From the Veil of the Lands of Shadow and Possibility, the people of the Veil of Life and Death commune in honour, in the mind of our King, Lord in Excelsior; the most spiritual in Temperance, the linear, non-transferable in Temporal. Time, leader of the Universal Constructs and their impending fall from grace. Harken the voice of the King.

Act I : Scene I

*[Enter Time overlooking his Kingdom]*

**Time** [*Voice of the King Ascendant*] : Chorals, I request an audience with my son and wife, the Good Queen of the Lands Realty.

[*Time removes armour plating from chest and rests with a foot on rocky overgrowth – Enter the three Choral Songs*]

**Choral Song - Tenebris Lux** : My Liege, my Good Queen and Master Prince Mankind remain awaiting attendance with yourself for communion; they are both in communion at present with the ancestors.

**Choral Song – Adamantem Lux** : My Liege, the signal beacons that point the route towards the land of the Realty are...

**Time Corporeal** [*King in Excelsior*] : My thoughts quicken, I hear the voice of Time emanating from throughout the ages. A voice so sweet, as it is harsh and unforgiving. He seeks communion with his family. His words are an enigma, constant and composed of the voices of fog and shadow. A storm approaches! Temporal Dissonance, of which night and day become one at the end, separating at the beginning; this smoke, this amalgamation is but summation. An axiom, but mere precept in thought. Gather thee all, by my fist, this, my begloved inch by measured inch. I shall have my vengeance, we shall finish this war of which Aeon, Epoch and Millennia and Century have been ensnared before me. We shall not be the last of the lantern's in this oasis of darkness. The fates of the Virtues, these, our Choruses in unison unknown are swaying my temper to cut through the very fabric of this darkest of beautified normality, the matter of this space.

[*Time walks and composes his fury*]

**Voice of Time** [*Existent pre-Ascendant*] : This madness like a whisper in the past, it coalesces and repeats, this burning coal in

the heart of my child. Mankind has been cut down, slain as though my line meant nothing to these, my Populii, gather the Generals and Guardians Celestii of the Virtues. One day I shall be thy king and then you will love me as subjects, not in the bitterness or rivalry but in revelry of Common Choral.

*[Time is frozen]*

**Chorus Nigrum Lux** : Anger? Nay, Wrath! My youth defies me, this soul, this prison of time, in which I can halt but not reverse in order to commune with my king in the present. In which, the people, my people call 'him' Sire and yet I would be a usurper, paria as question of power and all things ascendant. Brothers, sisters, shadows, commune with me now.

**Chorus Adamantem Lux** : Vision of Present.

**Chorus Tenebris Lux** : Vision of Past Present.

**Chorus Nigrum Lux** : The future lays hidden in this, our frozen kingdom. Our liege has been kind, as he is wise, not in the affairs of constitution of linearity. Adamantem, how does he, fair leader in the present change in order to save his betrothed and son from a fate? Such multiplicity in which we are all voices, as one, speaking in unison of the curse befallen this one seemingly benevolent race of universal construction. The corruption is taking hold of the King pre-Ascendent, he is drained and consumed.

**Chorus Tenebris Lux** : He, our king of the future loses sight; in his own realm of the linearity of present. War is a wall. An armed encampment of prisons and prisoners famished, starved of the very same. He calls for communion with us but I dare not answer to the dangerous powers will and motivation, in this present, this moment past as shadow of former glory in counsel. Dare I

answer? I forswear to save, to teach, lead and guide as a shining light transferred in darkness as transferred lantern.

**Chorus Adamentem Lux** : I know not of past, nor future in this present; in this intermittent temporal void of current enlightenment. We Constructs, Clocks one and all, forever perpetually bending to the will of a shackled leader in this realm where all stand still as though drawn to a point. The power he seeks to end this war, to save his lineage, to save her is beyond even me. This is the death impending, of all things, of all life multitudinous in its destruction.

**Chorus Nigrum Lux** : My good people in transference, ‘Septem et quinque centum milia’, the official titles of the former vessels virtue are now complete as an army battalion. They here who are gathered behind this our king in madness march to break the barrier between life and death. Darkest is man as a militia armed, and our has not of yet in any age of the inherent danger in which he has become a mirror, a shadow, casting his energy to his children.

**Chorus Tenebris Lux** : This idea of the kings’ children in life or death, equal in all thing bar the throne and crown of the ever present. He liveth. We are the past, present.

**Chorus Adamantem Lux** : The kings children in life or death, his queen, the good Queen in Excelsior is here ever present; she marches at Dawn with shield and sword, lance and mace, archer and ranger pathfinder. She chooses now to voyage south to meet Father Communion of the Order Ceremonious.

**Chorus Nigrum Lux** : Of our Queen in the present, Religion of House Religion-Time; a fate has befallen her of tragic proportions. She stands with salvation in this my present, our current juncture.

*[Exit Chorus the latter and present leaving Chorus the past alone]*

**Chorus Tenebris Lux :** My lady Religion, mother of hope, faith and charity. My good Lord and Sire requests your presence forthwith, lay down your arms. You are saved!

*[Exit Chorus the past, enter Religion with Salvation]*

**Religion :** Those raiments are of the nature of one who is grieving and revelling in solitude at one and the same moment. They are unbecoming of the ruler of the Blackened Isle. Religion, Good Queen Religion, hold thy tongue in this place, this realm where even the lesser creatures, unevolved and incompatible with civilised order remain listening, watching, feral. My son, my son! I spy mankind beside a shelter. Orchestral din. This choral song ever present, as with the presence of my husband Time is of a perplexing nature. I fail to see, but for this sound of love; the Love of my son.

**Salvation :** Ma'am.

**Religion :** I am going to free you. Don't make any sudden movements. I need you and your...

*[distastefully pauses and looks at shackles, inspecting them with sword]*

**Religion :** ...talents. Remember, the others still believe you to be the enemy. I know better, but I cannot save you from consumption of corruption that has taken control of the vast empire of my liege and sire, my betrothed; husband, father, lover.

**Salvation :** Majesty, when are we?

**Religion** : Days merge into nights and back again, I lose track dare I say. Were it not for the honour of my servant Constance, my son would be murdered in his sleep by her lover under the pretence that she was one of our Populii General. You may not know this of her, but my Overseers have noted your presence aboard a foreign ship carrying weapons of war and nothing else. Nothing bar you.

**Salvation** : I...

**Religion** : Was I finished? Did my dialogue cease or am I free to continue?

**Salvation** : Majest...

**Religion** : Perhaps you prefer a muzzle. 'Gloria tibi silentium'.

*[the two walk around one another, noting their equal symmetry and opposition]*

**Religion** : There is nothing lost through the nature of the old tongue. Do you speak? Speak at my command!

**Salvation** : Curre

**Religion** : Run?

*[Salvation points at something commandingly and shouts]*

**Salvation** : RUN!

**Act I : Scene II**

The Rage of Lovers: Choirs of Obsidian

**Salvation of House Religion-Time** [acting as Narrator in Chief] : Out of the rose, this rose in hand, cometh the flood of



Times Shadow past present; towards the future of another eternity borrowed and limited not. Where once by briar and thorn eternal, a house and lineage is born of the duplicity of an image. Whereupon, with shield pointed heavenward, a scene is met with furious scene; of savagery clash of shield on opposing shield. This is the tale, the first and only of Dystopic Armageddon in which all manner of good and evil are met through open arms unsavoury.

All this for a dark, soulless creation of the products of warfare. It is here that we set our scene laid bare for the elucidation of an unprepared stream of time. In the beginning of all things in dignity as with rage, our characters, both, seeking armour of a forgotten age and raceless, wordless features; eyes blackened by the starless foundation that composed their winged footsteps on maidens rose petals.

With choral song, pre-destruction and deconstruction of a scene of which tentative arrogance is shown as an arrow met through open arms unsavoury and held in hands which distract armless guardians. And so, the honour of a welcome birth becomes the misery of an open hearth in which the devices of destruction and equal construction become the vices of reparation and reconstitution. Where class in boundary sheath is held to bitter thoughts of lovers lost and slain for glory and the carnage of corruption through coinage fair, though untrue wings of desire might meet the swordsmen and shields of the defenders. This is the tale of Love and War; ultimately the tale of Love and her child Peace. For as her arrows fly and shadows fall only to be caught by the skeletal curse of a darkened time, an age of discourse and armour rather than amour, we begin with the wrathful vengeance and consumption of Radiation of House Gravitation en masse.

Picture our scene laid by the smoke of a towering inferno. This is our alter, the end of the onslaught. But there is one final hope; hope, that the words with their connotations and meanings in which a monolithic plume of smoke calls to an engineer overrun as the keeper of star and light alike. This tale is the tale

of usurpation and emancipation, freedom and liberty in war; a question of a kingdom in a realm unknown, in it's complexity, the acts of a winged toga and the floral crown as discarded, with golden sandals. It is this, the rage of lovers and the choirs of Obsidian.

Act I : Scene III

**Salvation of House Religion-Time** [acting as Narrator in Chief] : Our scene is set on a rocky cliff, facing a raging sea is a mob of angry faces; Mankind, prince and heir to a throne of his future king and father. Mankind, who stands with back to sea, facing the mob is witnessed herein prior to his salvation from a great fall from rocky cliff of the land, the very edge of reality at the edge of all life, at the dawn of war and the end of all things.

**{enter Mankind Prince of the Realty and son of the Houses of Time and Religion amidst a mob kept at bay by his empty arms and protestation}**

**Mankind** : This woman is guilty of no wrong doing, other than upholding the laws of this land and every land.

**Spokesperson I of the Populii General** : But in allowing her to live, we are upholding every law and not that which is sovereign in this place.

**Spokesperson II of the Populii General** : Kill her, thus I beswear, tonight we shall see them, the enemy of old hanged by the legion of laws set as an example of constitution old, in which even your majesty is bound.

**Mankind** : My father and liege, heir to a throne I have never known to be lacking in mercy or truth, wisdom nor guidance of the fruits of good should most certainly face this cold crowd lacking in passion. All who face me fear little bar the emotionless

slaughter of the daughter of an enemy to the state. We are at war, of war we are born; we live and we die for peace in all peoples and nations. If there was a folly, let it be on my head, by my tongue I forswear, seeing the danger in continuing this.

**Mankind** [internally; addressing audience] : Divine us! Divine us, I plead! As your leader, give me a sign; be my conscience. My voice is carried by the wind as with the tide. For faith is hope of a lantern. From north it approaches, whilst to the south a ship equally travels. This mob grows steady and weary of my advances to this woman in innocence. I fear her beauty should not be her price for life, she is a princess.

**Mob spokesperson III** : My good lord, Prince of the lands Realty and Universal Time Absolute; give us the woman I implore you my liege. Sire she is not of our people, surely you must see she is a spy!

**Mankind** : I see a lantern in the distance. A messenger approaches.

Act II : Scene I

*[Enter the Guardians of the realm with messenger on horseback]*

**Recoil of the House Gravitation** : Your highness, I address you and the subjects of my liege's kingdom equally as both servant and 'lord protector' of the woods, lakes and lands of this place, our shared home within the confines of a border. This light, this autumnal harrowing wind borrowed from the very leaves that lead us to this point. *[whispers]* Give me strength!

**Ra of House Gravitation** : Majesty, what have we to speak freely of, where there is no compassion in the people? You are free to love in secret as with in public with consent from your father of whom we three riders have approached our leader of common sense with hope for the future. She is the Rose, her

petals lay picked and discarded as with the footsteps of the cherubim.

**Recoil of House Gravitation** : The wind stirs as with the will of you father. He has requested your presence sire!

Act II: Scene II

*[Lord Recognisance hidden behind the mob and the princes view shouts whilst clapping and whistling]*

**Lord Recognisance of House Gravitation** : My Lord Prince, my fellow servants and Guardians of the Law and my subjects, the protected peoples of our land(s). This spy executive is our princess-to-be, a lady in waiting who awaits the mercy of her prince.

**Mob spokesperson IV** : I spied her with an encampment of soldiers Lord; their ship sails at night this very night an army approaches.

**Mankind** : My love! My betrothed, listen not to the folly of those who know not, but regard these words if thee are my own, my dear Love. We are saved, stay close to me.

**Constance of House Gravitation** : My liege, I implore you! Lords and ladies of our homeland and Kingdom of the Realty, Universal Constructs one and all! I appreciate our good prince's words. Here, his armourless, swordless gestures to protect the enemy and his unborn child in time of war.

**Lady Constance** : Here our prince, saviour of the past and leader in hope to the future, I address in your loves final moments. Prepare this sword I hand you to spill her blood.

**Recoil of House Gravitation** : What is this madness, stop and show your loyalty before it is too late.

**Lady Constance:** I am of noble birth, born free and free I resign my efforts to spare this, our kingdom from shame, even now, he refuses my sword. My sword it lays, knocked from my hand. You all see this, this corruption, my assumed folly. I am cut and on my knees I beg for an ego-less return of honour to us, the people of your land. Save us and kill her. Kill the child. Kill the child! Kill the child!

**Mob :** Kill the child! Kill the child!

Act II : Scene III

*[Enter solitary Salvation as narrator]*

**Salvation of House Religion :** Mankind has vanished, banished from the Realty through violence. The Guardians three of House Gravitation over-run. Hope like a flame is extinguished.

*[Exit all bar Salvation of House Religion-Time]*

As our scene unfolds, the duplicitous and conniving Constance, Lady liege of House Gravitation – Engineering, born of high stock, but voiceless; her words of little to no consequence in counsel begins the eternal war of the shadows. Usurper and treasonous leach, villainous. Murderer and soldier alike, most foul, but beloved; for she is of the people, sister to the leader of House Gravitation. She pushes the Love of Mankind from the ledge off of the cliff and prepares to march on the palace of the King with the mob in tow.

### **Part III: Dystopic Short Stories and Time Travel**

## The Total Writing System

### 1974 : ..And the Icarus Complex (Prologue – Part I)

Tchip.Tchip.Tchip.Tchip. A broadcast calmly, neatly and gently poured out of the old, by now ancient computer. Something was happening in 1972 that had alerted the dormant Geodesics computer system, the Epicentre, as to the nature of one of the major developments in linguistic theorem, as a variable in the basic variability of Australopithecine prior to the dawn of the human conception of time.

The war, the only war that had been raging for centuries within the modern age, was now more than beyond out of control. Nobody knew what was going on, nobody knew which way to turn, and neither did they know how to avert the nuclear global thermo-apocalyptic disaster that had birthed a new form of living entity as controlled by a character named Tyme and his robotic accomplice. This was the end of all of civilisation and history, culture, art and science, but more than that, it was the end of all of humanity as a result of the failure of one concept that had been mentioned over and over again in multiple documents, and even by multiple organisations, governments and peoples across the world. The only reason it had not happened was because, there was not enough trust or faith in the world. There was only one place in time that apparently held the entire worlds population from the beginning until the end of all things.

1974 Anno Domini, the year that had seen many a spark to culture, life, art, freedom and politics of both race and sex in context was also the year that Imperator, the computer at the end of all things had chosen with which to obliterate all species in complete unison, with a view to beginning the war for the Multiphase Multiverse Inverter; a component of a time machine.

The computer which though dormant as with all the stationed officers, members of crew, and people had been laying frozen in time and space for all of a century as the program which had been classified and entitled Codename: War-dogs was slowly succumbing to the erasure of all life in all time zones. Causality, being what it was, the wearing down of all civilisation had led to the ability to manipulate time and history, culture, life and all things, but had failed to allow for the alteration of the time line in which a supermassive ship which would eventually breach the multiverse in search of a future planet to be known as Heaven. This super massive obelisk of a ship, known as Haven, was the ankh that brought safety, the linchpin that tied all of humanity to one temporal time zone. It was always in the same position. Always in the same place in space, doing the same thing to all of humanity at the same time. It was how the evolution



process of australopithecine was being controlled and guided from space.

As Abigail Lord began her usual daily patrol around the former government control function, a time machine that held the ability to reverse, halt and progress all of time within the war for the very same thing, a light switched on, meaning that she was awake again. The shift would be over in a matter of minutes but *her* shift would be a matter for the government of Earth to decide in a matter of minutes as a result of their position within her body, due to the nanotechnology that her former husband who had left her to fight along side the mechanised alternate instances of a computer as yet in existence and not at one and the same time. Unfortunately for her, a minute in relative context would last for a century or more, and in that time, the *machines* and the army at the end of all things would have amassed; but without the ability to traverse the very space with which their anti-characters, that is, the opposite of the armies very essence, soul and personality, existed upon, they would be trapped like vampires on a planet without food.

1.0 Then God Said “Let there be light” / And we the spirit of God were hovering over the surface of the waters – Earth and the fabric of Space-time

The stars were surrounded, filled and whole, composed of a lack of distance in the beginning as with all things based on relative distance from the depth of the centre of the universe. The *cosmic egg* exploded and due to relative growth of the universe as a whole, the distance between galaxy and star, and the distance between the stars that were formed first, closest to the birth of the universe, at the centre of the universe all the stars (referred to as black holes at present in the modern age) created a universe with the coalescence of gravitational forces. Due to their infinite weight at the beginning, they began, over time to grow to a supermassive state causing the very weight of them to collapse

on themselves imploding and causing a rip in space and time. This in turn caused the shape and irregular size of the oblong but increasingly flattening universe as it grows and spreads slower and slower over time until it is almost imperceptible and of the natural direction of light and speed towards something. We as a species don't notice it until the light bends from our sun to the black hole at the centre of either our galaxy or a galaxy that is drawn to the black hole of our galaxy.

#### 1.01 Then God made a space between the heavens and the Earth

In the beginning post Geo-Specific Gravitational Coalescence with regards to the *formation and foundation of civilisation post apocalyptic scene of the formation of the planet*, bleeding lava in the foundation of a dream and nightmare, the Earth is born. The sea's lap as a time machine travels on a direct and specific path towards a watery point on the edge of the universe. She knew that there had already been a problem with Cable from the very start of the mission when she boarded the Daedalus space station. And that is what happened. And evening passed and morning. Cable repeated the words again for the fifth time, testing Angela's cognitive reasoning.

"And God called the space "sky." he calmly repeated. This point was of importance because he knew. He had always known, and this was the moment between "day" and the darkness "night" it was evening. He was either hinting or he was aware of the repetition of iterations, they were getting smarter because of the Flood. This time was more than serious marking the first day. January the 1<sup>st</sup>. He needed to keep track, to record more than he had ever recorded for this would be the instance where the machine army of Imperator would be defeated.

1.010 Then God said “let there be light”

Imperator appeared in front of the hatch where the pre-neolithic inhabitant should have been, she remembered him this time. As he walked towards the shallow waters edge with something in his hands. It was a head, Ori’s head. A proximity alarm was ringing in the tracker system attached to the beacon S.O.S symbol on the lantern within the escape hatch. “The island couldn’t be saved ma’am.” she looked at the biomech droid head in Imperator’s hands and wondered whether he would save her from the unappeasable computerised and unopened hatch. He must have seen the Flashpoint beacon and finally travelled towards the signal point with highest intensity. The area was clear of the Flood, for now.

### 1.0101 Parting of the Red Sea / Israeli – Gaza Strip

She could feel them running on either side of her. She was surrounded by the shadows of the flood with the eyes of eagles and hawks or sunset and sunrise. It's easy to draw an analogy between a conversation "I had yesterday and the bible in which someone suggested something and I saw it in a different light. Firstly Moses, who set his people free of which I am not Moses, neither am I Jesus, my name is.." she paused as something locked within her mind. Picture a simple venture in which someone was to procure a mine detector from an international website marketplace such as [www.Amazon.co.uk](http://www.Amazon.co.uk).

As its a choice, picture someone with the strength of mind, will and enough strength of character to get through a minefield such as the Gaza strip. Carrying the books with which people on the Gaza side could learn to read in English or any number of books. The first issue would be the guards on the Israeli border. The second issue would be the guards on the Gaza border. The third issue would be the mines and the border guards along with the satellite emplacement with which to watch for secure crime detection. The fourth issue would be teaching the individuals to read in English predominantly or Latin. The message is simple. Stop and think about what the similarity would be between a man with the power to walk across the Gaza strip, e.g. the pope who is placed within a holy role with a view to creating the first foundation of a religious miracle." Abigail paused as the door was ripped from it's housing.

“Looks like I found him first.” she called with a smiling glint in her eyes.

**Prologue:**

**Location unknown, time unknown, date unknown**

The cave was icy cold; this instantaneous moment was their darkest hour. Lurking in the lightless wastes of the cave, watching over them by the still silence of time, was a pair of eyes. Motionless, memories taunted them and filled them with the same hunger. They had been lost to a war he'd equally forgotten; trapped and wandering aimlessly for what felt like an eternity. She had stopped calling to him. Being blind, all he could do was shout for them to act as one, for them to move forward calmly.

Osiris called, but no answer was his reply as he backed away from the sound of the footsteps surrounding him.

“Stay back!” he huffed, visibly shaken as he continued to back away to the sound of one paw after another motioning towards his position in the near silence of the cave, his voice echoing into the distance. He shouted one last time as he began to search on his hands and knees. His arms still failing him, he panicked as fear gripped him in near silence.

Had he made every attempt to find it, the dagger she had entrusted him with, he would have found it. He hadn't heard her voice for so long and he longed to hear it and by now it was too late. All that was left was the sound of his heartbeat, the condensation falling from the ceiling and then it happened. Some rocks moved slowly at first in the distance and then a few more closer to him, alerting him to something or someone nearby. Once more he called her name and still she didn't answer. Finally Osiris found the dagger as a curious coincidence, and saying nothing he unsheathed it; the Index of the Creator but it was of little or no use now.

They should have seen the light of it and been scared off. But that was not the case as was evident by the more recent of his endeavours to find it.

“Who's there”

Like a sweet scent perfuming the air, the sound of one heart beating; of her heart beating in the darkness painted a picture as he swung the dagger in the direction of their steadily growing growls, each of them snarling like wolves and then in that instantaneous moment it was all over.

## **Chapter 1 – The Light Detective**

“Osiris, can you turn the volume down and ascertain the current update on the Prime Index maintenance droid of Sierra dash one, three, nine, nine five?” the computer replied almost as quickly as he cognised the words.

“Temporal maintenance droid Sierra dash one, three, nine, nine five has not been located as yet, currently there is a problem with the mainframe and I appear to be overheating which makes the sensor data overly skewed sir.”

“Ok, let me know as soon as you have an update, I’d rather return to Solus as soon as possible rather than constantly circling around this galaxy with fugitives and stowaways on-board.”

“Angela, stay calm; it’ll take a while for the medication to take effect.” he continued but before he could finish the sentence he quickly realised that she had passed out, again. This time, he spoke gently and calmly to the on-board computer system.

“Siris..” he called and was greeted with a calm somewhat clinical reply as he pressed a few more buttons to increase the dosage of the medication that was currently keeping her alive.

“How can I be of service to you sir?” The computer boomed over the intercom as Angela stirred a little.

Upon regaining her consciousness, the first thing she noted was not the fact that everything was grey bar the windows. Nor was it the random man who had so kindly helped her into the ship she now resided in. Rather, it was the fact that all she could remember was the sound of Marcus’ voice in hysterics.

“Marcus? What are these things, where..” at first she thought she was on a film set, then she thought it was a theme park.

“What is the last thing you remember?” the man began. She didn’t reply, instead she blankly stared out of the window and stared at the stars slowly flowing past her eye’s before struggling to get towards the nearest porthole or window within the medical bay. She then saw she was in space, travelling at millions if not



billions of miles an hour with automated robots attempting to feed her some food.

### **Iris Hess Greye**

Deep in the shadows it loomed, lurking, its eyes' intentions on her. She began by motioning towards the creature but fear took control of her. She was frozen as though every muscle in her body was locked into the same position. Hess waited silently for the noise to stop, but couldn't figure out what she was doing in the cave or how she got there. All she could think about was time, as though time was all there was; yet time was just a by-

product excreted from the Grunts nasal glands. That is to say, the forward progression of time she was graced with, in the confines of the small hole she had made in order to hide from the Grunt was not as with the linear progression of time she had grown accustomed to on Earth.

As Hess watched the creature moving from one edge of the foreground to another, she noted something increasingly more and more peculiar, in this dimension she was existent upon, it was mating season. ‘*Perhaps..*’ she thought almost imperceptibly to her detriment as she studied the creature, noting how its every movement, its every gesture and feigned hunger were all aimed at one sole purpose, her consumption. Hess knew she couldn’t run, she couldn’t leave the cave but neither could she let the creature go, she knew that one day, the creature would come in handy for a purpose as yet unwritten. The temporal paradox of which it existed in was something of an oddity she had not been accustomed to and now, as a Light Detective in training, more than ever, she needed to justify her every movement because somewhere within the history of her people she was equally being watched by her superiors.

Iris ‘Hess’ Greye had been a woman of many skills and talents as a youth, but she knew that all of the nascent talents she had allowed herself to enjoy in adolescence were anything but noteworthy to her current situation. Twenty minutes ago she was sleeping in the Hive, that is, a nest of baby Grunts. ‘*You have to figure out how to get this damned thing to the surface*’ she thought to herself, aware of the fact that this could in actuality be

another parallel universe as well as another planet somewhere in the history of the multi-verse. As the young lady finished cognising the last thought, she realised almost instantaneously that every single one of the creatures within the cave were drawn to the sound of her thoughts as though that was how they hunted but before she could make any further motions to hide from the onslaught of gnawing teeth and the sound of paws she did something strange. He simply stopped. Not a sound came from her lips, not even a microgram of breath as she noted their unified movement towards her suddenly becoming a confused rabble like a misguided orchestra, a cacophony of paws hitting the ground at seemingly random moments together searching for a trail that was lost. It was in that moment that she realised that they were all blind.

### **The last of the Light Detectives**

Planet Earth; the distant future

As the holographic projection unit within the machine she was dragging across the ground activated, it made a curious sound. Garbled speech made way for an array of lights that lit the darkness in a manner she was not accustomed to. It had been a long and harsh journey to the Forbidden Caves; named so for the sole reason that they held an ancient curse, a plague from the old

world. Little did she know that the cave was the site of the first time travel experiment on Solon.

The writing on the staff, she had worked out, was possibly Ancient Greek, Latin or French, or maybe a mixture of all three. Usually passed between one leader of the tribe of elders and their ancestors during a rite of passage, the staff looked old and weathered as though it had seen better days. Legend had it that it had spoken to the elders in a bygone age of instinct and unconscious belief, but those days were long gone for no-one knew how it worked or even if it worked. She had tried speaking to it but failed; it had been so long since she had used her vocal chords in order to make any form of intelligible language let alone heard another voice in close proximity to herself as part of her trial.

It was at this point the audio began to get clearer until it was easily understood, or it would have done if she could understand the language. At first it seemed as though something in the small mechanism of the machine was caught or broken. She picked up one of the tools surrounding it in frustration and hit the projector, only for it to jolt into action slowly at first. She was surrounded. Her stomach growled when the machine began again indicating that it would soon be time for lunch. The image it projected onto the ground showed signs of a faded old black and white image, which with every second grew in intensity until it was no longer in just black and white but rather a multitude of colours.

She had placed the machine behind her back when the conversation began again, but as the images projected moved with the staff, she quickly realised it must have been projecting the people she could see.

“Good afternoon Excellency!..” the metallic voice finally began again, she could hear it clearly and understood every word but was surprised at what the machine stated.

“I am Archon, navigation matrix of the Archive of Solon.” The painful ring of the machine’s voice halted almost as soon as the hurried footsteps motioning in her direction stopped almost in unison. A second voice began to talk directly but more aggressively than that of the first.

“Secondary Matrix unit in place.. Particle shielding and Neuronal-cell update in three..” at this point it felt like she, the chieftains daughter would pass out. She couldn’t remember her name, where she was from or how long she had been in the cave.

“two..” her life as it were, a charmed life of extravagance and destitution mixed into the one Temporal point was over. Little did she realise that anyone who went into the Cave never came back if they had a staff. Her mother, her Grandmother, her Great Grandmother before her had all gone into the cave, none of them were seen again.

“one..” her eyesight failed her for a moment as the technological upgrades in her bloodstream through to the myelin sheath in her

brain instantly activated. She was right in thinking it was a weapon, but not of the type she thought it was.

“Temporal Stream update.” And with that the second voice stopped talking making way for what was to be the adventure of a lifetime. The first thing she saw upon opening her eyes, was not what she expected. The cave had disappeared making way for a multitude of landscapes and stellar backgrounds too numerous to count all passing before her eyes in an instant and then being replaced with different backgrounds. *‘Is this real, am I really experiencing this?’* she thought almost aloud, but couldn’t quite vocalise her words. All she wanted to do was make sure her new weapon, was safe. “There need be no need for further altercation!” she commanded in her own language and with that a large projection of a digitised representation of Archon appeared in mid-air. With that she dropped the machine and backed away, joining the edges of the cave.

“Welcome to the Archives of Solon;” it began again but this time, it was almost as though the sound of the Archives voice were in her head, and it was in a language she most definitely understood.

“I am conversant in near over three thousand languages..” Archon carried on and then, he said something she thought was a bit odd, as though there were some information missing.

“.. a complete historic journey through the dimensions of time and outer space in the form of interplanetary colonisation..” The

shadowy figure holding the staff paused for a moment and noted that every time she turned her body, in fact with every movement she made, the surrounding figures mirrored at the same time. It was almost as if they were in synchronisation with her every move.

“..to activate the Temporal Stream, please indicate the date you wish to travel to...” the machine stated calmly in the hopes of a specific phrase in return, but despite understanding what the machine was saying she felt scared to mention anything about the old world.

“Um.. temporal stream?” she heard her own voice say in her native tongue, but it would be a few hours before she realised, the machine was performing surgery on her mind, only she would be able to use it and ultimately only she would be able to hear it.

“Please, address me as Archon, for I will not know whether you are speaking directly to me or to someone within the Temporal Stream..” he continued but was stopped short by the young lady slowly growing in confidence.

“..What’s the temporal stream?” she began not realising that it was the neural network of interconnected machines that had stumbled upon her location. They each stared at the isolated images in mid-air and thus began the war for time.

### **Chapter 3: The First Gate**

**Edinburgh; 23:52; September 27th, 2016**

“Perhaps the air was purer back then, perhaps the water was cleaner and it allowed us, generation upon generation to transform landscapes one step at an evolutionary step. Crafting of tools and of weapons helped to create man as a fighting force and



then, upon the death of dinosaurs, as **the** fighting force, forging weapons instead of out of stone, steel. But through it all, it would have taken time to develop new ways of tying stone to wood. It would have taken time to figure out how to make flint by smashing two rocks together.” The interviewer briefly paused to allow the audience to make note of the fact through some short visuals and then continued.

“...Fire, the ultimate evolutionary tool; a weapon so immeasurably powerful it allowed us, the human beings of present, to become just that. Burning our meat and heating our water in order to remove toxins and bacteria that have long since gone out of fashion. Mould, evolutions route to discovering particular medicines, and treating pain in the form of penicillin.

Cross pollination of flowers and inter-species to speed up the evolutionary process in an empirical example of humanity, altering the genome of other animals in order to see whether a liger is or could have become the future of earth’s landscape. But, man is not god; the liger could not exist beyond one generation as they were not able to breed..” at that point the television was switched off and professor Taylor remembered the envelope that was in his pocket. He opened the envelope and in it was a circular disc with a thumb print in light blue. He looked at it and placed it on the table in front of him before lighting a cigarette. It took two minutes of indecision, two minutes of fretting before he dared place his right index finger on it. Nothing.

Twenty minutes passed and three cigarettes, then he finally worked it out, it was his left thumb that activated it.

“God thank-you!” he put his hands together as the holographic projector began to speak clearly. But what he saw shocked him. It was his own face, in fact the man speaking was identical to him in every way. He spoke with a clear English accent and as he

spoke the bewildered Professor realised he probably should be paying attention;

Reaching the edges of what I had called sanity, I tried to reason with myself; to identify with my past selves. I realize that the past is the past regardless of ones identity in the present, but I then came to a bold discovery with regards to my current situation. I was encased in a world of which I had distanced myself from my past, from all the other past selves of whom I saw as lower than my present self.” Different images of his face appeared still like photographs besides the moving representation of his doppelganger image.

“The high and mighty self, the low and weak self, the happy and the sad self; even the depressed self of whom I spent a lot of time with was not in the current bubble, in comparison to all the rest of them. One thing I equally realized, though I could not bring myself to even cognize was, the lower I saw myself, the higher god placed me.

I cannot tell you too much about the future or the past save for the fact that they..” then it happened. The one thing he could not have foreseen appeared in the light blue hue of the holographic image.

“..are a warrior class unlike any but always in human form. He (or) she is a being of such immense power that he (or) she created a destruct button, that is, a self-destruct button within humanity. We each have a self-destruct button built within us, but like presidents, tyrants, rulers and dictator’s, it takes a lot of time and energy to destroy the self. It takes less time to destroy another person, but in so doing, we inch a little closer to our own self assured destruction.” He couldn’t understand what he was

seeing, *‘are they aliens? are they vampires? Biological robots or cyborgs? What are they?’* he thought as the representation of himself carried on the briefing.

“Solitude, peace, time; these are words I have been recently becoming more and more acquainted with as I grow further from my children and closer to the end, someone has to take my place in the grand scheme of things as I cannot live eternally, but my life has been extended by the grace of God. It’s hot in the future, and it doesn’t rain as much as it used to, or snow as much as it used to. When it does rain pray for uncontaminated water. Be thankful for every meal and for every positive word granted you.

I am trying not only to save myself, not even to save the world, but to remove the taint of a past I cannot escape; in order to avoid growing more and more foolhardy. I am exiled in a past in which I am surrounded by evil; the demons of the past never escape the gravity of one person’s life over another, they simply jump, from person to person. How will god judge me? All the more so, for having favoured staring at stars, or the moon, or dreaming of a world that as yet does not exist but god willing will one day. Remember your forebears and always say I love you to your family, because when they are gone, all you will have is the love of a god who knows only too well the struggles of the whole world. Regards from the original version of yourself Dr Brian Taylor..” it was at this point that a separate computerized voice began to speak.

## **Chapter 1: The Virus**

**Edinburgh; 23:52; September 27th, 2006**

“Before giant carnivorous dinosaurs, with feet larger than a human body ran amongst the trees we still live for, due to photosynthesis of which an evolutionary reaction of the same might include the fact that many of the tree’s today evolved in such a manner as to change the very air we breathe.” The presenter on the television in the small flat harped on, at first sounding monotonous and slightly disinterested in the subject matter but the more the conversation wore on the more involved he got with the subject.

“Perhaps the air was purer back then, perhaps the water was cleaner and it allowed us, generation upon generation to transform landscapes one step at an evolutionary step. Crafting of tools and of weapons helped to create man as a fighting force and then, upon the death of dinosaurs, as **the** fighting force, forging weapons instead of out of stone, steel. But through it all, it would have taken time to develop new ways of tying stone to wood. It would have taken time to figure out how to make flint by smashing two rocks together.” The interviewer briefly paused to allow the audience to make note of the fact through some short visuals and then continued.

“...Fire, the ultimate evolutionary tool; a weapon so immeasurably powerful it allowed us, the human beings of the present, to become just that. Burning our meat and heating our water in order to remove toxins and bacteria that have long since been removed from the human genome. But where they were to return, how would it affect us? Mould, evolutions route to discovering particular medicines, and treating pain in the form of penicillin through to the discovery and use of anti-retroviral medication to cure auto-immune diseases. Evolution has a lot to thank to scientific discovery.

Cross pollination of flowers and inter-species to speed up the evolutionary process in an empirical example of humanity, altering the genome of other animals in order to see whether a Liger, a tiger crossed with a Lion is or could have become the future of earth's landscape. But, man is not god; the Liger could not exist beyond one generation as they were not able to breed..." at that point the television switched off as Brian remembered the envelope that was in his pocket. He opened the envelope and in it was a circular disc with a thumb print in light blue. He looked at it and placed it on the table in front of him before lighting a cigarette. It took two minutes of indecision, two minutes of fretting before he dared place his right index finger on it. But nothing, not a reaction, not even a change in the lit up thumb print.

Twenty seconds passed and, as Brian moved his fingers over the phone something curious happened. He thought he could see three cigarettes appear on the table, then he finally worked it out, it was his left thumb that activated it.

"God, thank-you!" Brian put his hands together as the holographic projector began to speak clearly. But what he saw shocked him. It was his own face, in fact the man speaking was identical to him in every way. He spoke with a clear English accent and as he spoke the bewildered Professor realised he probably should be paying attention;

"...It was all I had ever had, then I realized, I don't have enough time. Reaching the edges of what I had called sanity, I tried to reason with myself; to identify with my past selves. I realize that the past is the past regardless of ones identity in the present, but I then came to a bold discovery with regards to my current situation. I was encased in a world of which I had distanced myself from my past, from all the other past selves of whom I

saw as lower than my present self.” Different images of his face appeared, trapped within the stills, like photographs besides the moving representation of his doppelgänger image.

“The high and mighty self, the low and weak self, the happy and the sad self; even the depressed self of whom I spent a lot of time with was not in the current bubble, in comparison to all the rest of them. One thing I equally realized, though I could not bring myself to even cognise was, the lower I saw myself, the higher god placed me.

I cannot tell you too much about the future or the past save for the fact that they..” then it happened. The one thing he could not have foreseen appeared in the light blue hue of the holographic image.

“..are a warrior class unlike any but always in human form. He (or) she is a being of such immense power that he (or) she created a destruct button, that is, a self-destruct button within humanity. We each have a self-destruct button built within us, but like presidents, tyrants, rulers and dictator’s, it takes a lot of time and energy to destroy the self. It takes less time to destroy another person, but in so doing, we inch a little closer to our own self assured destruction.” He couldn’t understand what he was seeing or what the doppelgänger was saying, little realizing what was happening to his surroundings. ‘*Are they aliens? are they vampires? Biological robots or cyborgs? What are they?*’ he thought as the representation of himself carried on the briefing.

“Solitude, peace, time; these are words I have been recently becoming more and more acquainted with as I grow further from my children and closer to the end, someone has to take my place in the grand scheme of things as I cannot live eternally, but my life has been extended by the grace of God. It’s hot in the future, and it doesn’t rain as much as it used to, or snow as much as it

used to. But it is a world of peace none the less. When it does rain pray for uncontaminated water. Be thankful for every meal and for every positive word granted you.

I am trying not only to save myself, not even to save the world, but to remove the taint of a past I cannot escape; in order to avoid growing more and more foolhardy. I am exiled in a past in which I am surrounded by evil; the demons of the past never escape the gravity of one person's life over another, they simply jump, from person to person. How will god judge me? All the more so, for having favoured staring at stars, or the moon, or dreaming of a world that as yet does not exist but god willing will one day. Remember your forebears and always say I love you to your family, because when they are gone, all you will have is the love of a god who knows only too well the struggles of the whole world. Regards from the original version of yourself Dr Brian Taylor.." it was at this point that a separate computerized voice began to speak.

"It was cold, and wet. *'My future can't be directed by the past'* he thought silently. The virus was already taking hold of her as he walked away from his previously seated position. She was already dead; that is, as she lay silently in her chair, the love she once had slowly being erased one second at a time, he wanted to cry. The emotion was not his own to share though for his partner was slow becoming one of them. When he walked out of the bar and realized he'd lost his wallet his phone began to ring. He answered and that was when I stated;

"..a protracted campaign depletes the state's resources.."..." at this point the computerized voice paused and the television switched on causing the bewildered professor to switch positions uncomfortably on his chair.



“..as though there was a bridge to his conversation.” The voice continued on the television.

“..There had been nearly five minutes since the conversation started, and Templar was growing tired.” It continued.

“Who’s there, how are you doing that?” Professor Taylor said

“He had been working for twenty minutes and there was still no sign of anyone else in the usually crowded room..” at this the computerized voice paused. The image on the screen was nothing but static. A cold chill ran up the back of Brian’s neck, and it was now that the ‘virus’ began to take control of him, starting with just a slight raising of his body temperature.

“Edinburgh...” Syris continued from his position on the television. A giant lizard-like eye appeared inside Brian’s head on the right hemisphere. Every time Brian opened his eyes the eyelids reappeared. The metallic tone kept repeating as it always did over the phone, as though the representation of a mathematical calculation Taylor couldn’t work out, Syris was after all, more than just a machine.

“He had been drinking heavily, and was crying when he looked at his shadow’s reflection staring back at him. Don’t cry, I’m still here, just around the corner!” Taylor could almost hear her voice call and then in an instant she was gone as though she had never been there. All emotion devoid of humanity, he looked at the future, the past and then realized that the present was within grasp. As Syris began the procedure to erase his humanity and then send him to the nether reaches of space and time.

“No weapon can kill the message, no hand can remove the message, this is the end for humanity.” Syris the human-computer virus then began. As he began to remove the tracer tag within the phone Taylor, who at this point was completely under the control of the virus within his conscious and unconscious

psyche, had been handed. He somehow knew that the note that August had carefully concealed in his jacket pocket had a tracer embedded within the paper.

“If they couldn’t work out where in time he was, then all hope was lost...” he said throwing the paper out of the window. With that the room darkened as he lay down on the bed, the television switching off and the lights equally the same, leaving him in a dormant but semi-active state.

**Prologues and other assorted chapters (Volume II):  
Empire of Rust**  
(previously unpublished)

For my family and my children

## **Chapter 1: A question of time**

**New York City – 21:34; February 14th, 2016**

He was drunk. The fear of old age was in his greying reflection; not his eyebrows, not his hair but his reflection in the mirror. There had been a number of times when he had thought about quitting, but this was going to be the night when it all went away, when he ended it all and simply walked away from the job. He was alone, no wife, the kids were too old and too cool to hang with their dad; the cat had run away and he couldn't remember what his family looked like, let alone the sound of any of his loved one's voices. All there was, all there would ever be in his own mind were the voices of the past and the faces of the future; the only present he had never asked for, because he didn't like surprises.

Will Ebbinghaus had come to terms with his mortality ten years ago, and the demons that surrounded him in his life had far from moved on, but were forever following him, haunting and taunting him. They were in the holy word, they were in the street, they were in the eyes of people at crime scenes and on television. More than that, they were in the reflections of the faces he could see in the mirror, always the mirror, never water, windows or any matter of things, but mirrors. A curious circular device with a flashing thumb print was attached to the mirror.

As he looked at the dirty old basin, he remembered how he had always thought to himself, *'I will never let myself get like this. In an age when civilization is moving so fast that knowledge, data and mnemonic take on different meanings, all I have is you my friend'* but even his reflection stared back at him, and he didn't like what he saw. The world, as it always did, was constantly changing but forever the same; a war on drugs, terrorism in the western world, vice and contamination of the genome along with conspiracy theories, all things he didn't understand. The two words he had lived for, fought for, potentially would die for were ringing in his ears but he couldn't see it becoming a reality because of the very same wars. "Will, you remember me!" he said to his old reflection, as though expecting it to talk back. There was a large crack in the mirror and a number of insects flying around the light above his head. Some of them kept hitting the light bulb and making the same glassy collision sound they always made in the stillness of the night.

As he stepped away from the mirror, he looked once again for the bottle of whiskey, a more expensive choice but he knew that if he was going to succumb to alcohol, he would drink the best damned alcohol there was and enjoy the journey for what it was worth.

"Nine damned hours and then it'll be over." He said aloud when he had meant to think it. It was getting worse these days, the visions, his shaking right hand, the coughing and more than that his depression. Once he had had it all, once he had seen the world and the world had looked back at him as though he were the abyss, handing him an abyss as the only gift he would never be able to return. Nothing seemed to make sense, yet he knew

exactly what he had to do as he picked the glass bottle and a mug from the side of the bed and looked at the mug once again.

“I’ll show you floating..” he replied to the words on the mug, as though they had been written in reply to a thought he hadn’t cognised yet and without even so much as a second thought, in frustration or feigned anger he threw the mug, smashing it into a thousand pieces and then simply attempted to down the remaining contents of the bottle, but not before he realized there was a cigarette butt in the bottle.

There was a long interval of silence. Between the rustling in the darkness outside and the thoughts, faces that were either clear as day or shadows that were fading into the smoke filled background reminding him of all the people he had tortured, mortally wounded or killed in the line of duty. He wanted to let his mind drift to a place where he could simply say he was at peace, peacefully resting with his family, but he knew that there was no going back from the first death to the last. The soullessness of what he felt he had to do, to see the day through was getting to him. Ebbinghaus wasn’t eating properly, struggling to sleep and he knew that looking after himself was more than a lonely mountain he was climbing alone.

He was born in Edinburgh, the capital city of Scotland, and despite having a German father and a French mother he was what some would call a proud Scot. His accent was broad, thick and filled with many colloquial expletives at the best and the worst of times, but he was getting to grips with his use of coarse or foul language, reminiscent of the fact that he had grown up in the working class part of Leith in a time when working class didn’t mean anything more than simply someone who worked. He wished he could go back to Edinburgh, but he was never likely going to see the old city with his own eyes again.

“Look at you, fucking look at you, I know that I will see...” He shouted at his watch to the sound of banging on the wall. The neighbour’s in the Queens apartment where he lived didn’t take kindly to noise so late at night.

“Hey buddy! I got work in the mornin!” came a call from one of the neighbors and with that Ebbinghaus, who had studied Criminology and Social Anthropology at Edinburgh University showed one of his best renditions of his favorite Criminal Psychology lecturer and simply flipped his middle finger at the wall. It was at that point that the circular disc with the flashing red thumb print started to make a noise like a mobile phone ringtone, subtle yet still annoying enough to get his attention.

Almost instantly he composed himself as though he hadn’t had anything to drink, but it was still evident in the way he walked towards the mirror again. After placing his thumb on the flashing disc, it changed from red to green and then a small holographic representation of the doctor he had been chasing for a series of homicides appeared right in front of him as though she were there in the room. He spoke loud and clearly as though reading from a transcript of official proceedings or something of that nature;

“Dr August Taylor-Clarke – Identity verified, temporal signature unknown. Index located...” came the call from the computerized voice.

“...end transmission. Light detective 135A, prepare for secondary transmission, priority 1.” The female voice was soft and calm but there was a sense of urgency about the way in which she spoke. Within less than a second the transmission started and this time it was less of a letter, than a distress call.

“Will, she’s in Edinburgh, September on one of either the 28th or 27th or 26th...” there was no image this time, but the voice was

equally distorted as though something was blocking the signal. He knew all too well that Command were fighting a war but things were different in this world. Solon was not here, the planet hadn't achieved colonization of Mars yet. The very things people had laid down armaments for in the past, in his past were all too real as clear dangers in this present planet.

"Earth.." he muttered ironically knowing that with all the technology he had, all of it was useless as he had no way to power any of it.

"..I can't tell whether she is regressing as I can't pinpoint her exact location but there is a possibility she is in the location of all three. The future and the past are both changing too quickly to tell but you need to get to him now. Its this year and this time, I think it's serious. The first transmission was an identifier, the signature was the index. It's been activated by whom we don't know but it belonged to the late Dr Taylor. I don't know how Syris did it, but I think it's either cloning them, or we're back in the secondary parallel. Your only role is to protect and extract; nothing other than that." His commanding officer ended the signal with a series of images that were unfamiliar at first but he already knew it was his home town but in the past; his present or at the least in a few months from where he presently resided in time.

"End Transmission" computerized voice once more repeated. Ebbinghaus was out the door without so much as a word; he'd already ascertained the location of one of the most valuable objects in the known universe and had no time to waste. He had to find her. He'd been stuck here in the past for nearly eight months and with the nature of his job, he knew he had to get back to work at some point.



## **Chapter 2: The light detective**

*“..of deepest darkest solitude and the stillness ravaged by time;  
my friend, my enemy...”*

### **The songs of Solon – Book IV**

As the holographic projector activated it made a strange sort of sound, as though something in the small mechanism was caught or broken. Eliza picked up one of the tools and in frustration hit the projector only for it to jolt into action slowly at first, with garbled speech and then the audio began to get clearer until it was understandable.

“Welcome to the Archives of Solon; a complete historic journey through the dimensions of time and space in interplanetary colonisation”.

**New York City – 21:34; February 14th, 2016**

He was drunk. The fear of old age was in his greying reflection; not his eyebrows, not his hair but his reflection in the mirror. There had been a number of times when he had thought about quitting, but this was going to be the night when it all went away, when he ended it all and simply walked away from the job. He was alone, no wife, the kids were too old and too cool to hang with their dad; the cat had run away and he couldn't remember what his family looked like, let alone the sound of any of his loved one's voices. All there was, all there would ever be in his own mind were the voices of the past and the faces of the future; the only present he had never asked for, because he didn't like surprises.

Will Ebbinghaus had come to terms with his mortality ten years ago, and the demons that surrounded him in his life had far from moved on, but were forever following him, haunting and taunting him. They were in the holy word, they were in the street, they were in the eyes of people at crime scenes and on television. More than that, they were in the reflections of the faces he could see in the mirror, always the mirror, never water, windows or any matter of things, but mirrors. A curious circular device with a seemingly flashing thumb print was attached to the mirror.

As he looked at the dirty old basin, he remembered how he had always thought to himself, *'I will never let myself get like this. In an age when civilization is moving so fast that knowledge, data and mnemonic take on different meanings, all I have is you my friend'* but even his reflection stared back at him, and he didn't like what he saw. The world, as it always did, was constantly changing but forever the same; a war on drugs, terrorism in the western world, vice and contamination of the genome along with conspiracy theories, all things he didn't understand. The two words he had lived for, fought for,

potentially would die for were ringing in his ears but he couldn't see it becoming a reality because of the very same wars.

"Will, you remember me!" he said to his old reflection, as though expecting it to talk back. There was a large crack in the mirror and a number of insects flying around the light above his head. Some of them kept hitting the light bulb and making the same glassy collision sound they always made in the stillness of the night.

As he stepped away from the mirror, he looked once again for the bottle of whiskey, a more expensive choice but he knew that if he was going to succumb to alcohol, he would drink the best damned alcohol there was and enjoy the journey for what it was worth.

"Nine damned hours and then it'll be over." He said aloud when he had meant to think it. It was getting worse these days, the visions, his shaking right hand, the coughing and more than that his depression. Once he had had it all, once he had seen the world and the world had looked back at him, handing him an abyss as the only gift he would never be able to return. Nothing seemed to make sense, yet he knew exactly what he had to do as he picked the glass bottle and a mug from the side of the bed and looked at the mug once again.

"I'll show you floating.." he replied to the words on the mug, as though they had been written in reply to a thought he hadn't cognised yet and without even so much as a second thought, in frustration or feigned anger he threw the mug, smashing it into a thousand pieces and then simply attempted to down the remaining contents of the bottle, but not before he realized there was a cigarette butt in the bottle.

There was a long interval of silence. Between the rustling in the darkness outside and the thoughts, faces that were either

clear as day or shadows that were fading into the smoke filled background reminding him of all the people he had tortured, mortally wounded or killed in the line of duty. He wanted to let his mind drift to a place where he could simply say he was at peace, peacefully resting with his family, but he knew that there was no going back from the first death to the last. The soullessness of what he felt he had to do, to see the day through was getting to him. Ebbinghaus wasn't eating properly, struggling to sleep and he knew that looking after himself was more than a lonely mountain he was climbing alone.

He was born in Edinburgh, the capital city of Scotland, and despite having a German father and a French mother he was what some would call a proud Scot. His accent was broad, thick and filled with many colloquial expletives at the best and the worst of times, but he was getting to grips with his use of coarse or foul language, reminiscent of the fact that he had grown up in the working class part of Leith in a time when working class didn't mean anything more than simply someone who worked. He wished he could go back to Edinburgh, but he was never likely going to see the old city with his own eyes again.

"Look at you, fucking look at you, I know that I will see..." He shouted at his watch to the sound of banging on the wall. The neighbor's in the Queens apartment where he lived didn't take kindly to noise so late at night.

"Hey buddy! I got work in the mornin!'" came a call from one of the neighbors and with that Ebbinghaus, who had studied Criminology and Social Anthropology at Edinburgh University showed one of his best renditions of his favorite Criminal Psychology lecturer and simply flipped his middle finger at the wall. It was at that point that the circular disc with the flashing

red thumb print started to make a noise like a mobile phone ringtone, subtle yet still annoying enough to get his attention.

Almost instantly he composed himself as though he hadn't had anything to drink, but it was still evident in the way he walked towards the mirror again. After placing his thumb on the flashing disc, it changed from red to green and then a small holographic representation of the doctor he had been chasing for a series of homicides appeared right in front of him as though she were there in the room. He spoke loud and clearly as though reading from a transcript of official proceedings or something of that nature;

"Dr August Taylor-Clarke – Identity verified, temporal signature unknown. Index located..." came the call from the computerized voice.

"...end transmission. Light detective 135A, prepare for secondary transmission, priority 1." The female voice was soft and calm but there was a sense of urgency about the way in which she spoke. Within less than a second the transmission started and this time it was less of a letter, than a distress call. "Will, she's in Edinburgh, September on one of either the 28th or 27th or 26th. I can't tell whether she is regressing as I can't pinpoint her exact location but there is a possibility she is in the location of all three. The future and the past are both changing too quickly to tell but you need to get to him now. Its this year and this time, I think it's serious. The first transmission was an identifier, the signature was the index. It's been activated by whom we don't know but it belonged to the late Dr Taylor. I don't know how Syris did it, but I think it's either cloning them, or we're back in the secondary parallel. Your only role is to protect and extract; nothing other than that." His commanding officer ended the signal with a series of images that were

unfamiliar at first but then he realised, it was the city but in the past; his present or at the least in a few months from where he presently resided in time.

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### **Prologue: The Caretaker**

“..War is the place where life and death meet..” **Sun Tzu**

**Jerusalem – 11:53am; February 17th,2016**

It had been a long time since Officer Fromm had felt peace, now was the time when he would join them all, in memory as a peaceful soul. Death was cold, it wasn’t pleasant and neither was it fast, but it was memorable. For the people he had left behind, he was a symbol of discipline, trained to perfection in armed combat, hostage taking and negotiation skills. But the one thing

he should have been remembered as, a father was overshadowed by the fact that there was tension between the Arab and Jew community. He lived for his job, and had died a symbol of a war that was not ending.

As the police officers surrounded the young man in the shopping mall, his eyes looked out to the masses of people just beyond the police line. Helpless, this was the hardest lesson he would ever have to face, alone and without anyone he could turn to for support.

“Armed police, put down your weapon! We have you surrounded!” shouted the police officer closest to him, his heart beating in his chest, sweat on his brow. It had been a short journey from the police station; one which the officer knew all too well. He’d lost a friend and the anger, the sorrow, the lack of compassion with which he felt for those around him, for the young man was all too real.

A knife attack had left his friend in a serious condition and the ambulance hadn’t arrived in time, meaning that by the time he arrived at the hospital, he had lost too much blood. All the things Erich Fromm could have achieved; the lives he could have saved in performing his duty and keeping the peace.

The cool night air almost made him shiver as he looked at the Arab man with a knife around the neck of a Jewish student, or at least so the report would later state. Levi looked towards the hostage and loosened then tightened his grip on the trigger, he was on the second level of the shopping mall, then it dawned on him, Levi recognized the assailant. A shopkeeper in the Old Town, next to David’s Gate, he had never stood out much. *‘How long would this go on, how much longer did they all have to keep doing their duty, serving and protecting the people from each*

*other, when they could live not in a relative level of peace, but in actual peace?’*

Fear drove too many people away from Israel and Levi was tired of just that, the loss of Fromm was not something he liked to talk about; the two of them were from different countries. Fromm a German, Levi an Israeli; Fromm a family man, Levi a man married to his faith. One of them was an outsider, a foreigner who had felt he had no right to be there, he had moved to Israel as a child, his parents trying to do something in an age of dark uncertainty that had saved many. The other was all about protecting the very people he had fought so hard for. Both of them knew the religious connotations of their differing faiths, both of them believed that they had been crucified as a result of decisions they had made, both of them men of conviction and honour.

Levi listened to the in-ear radio but struggled to concentrate as his call sign was called over the radio. “In position..” he heard his own voice say confidently, but the confidence he felt he had was all but gone. His heart wasn’t in this job any longer, he could afford to leave but would he? “If you have line of sight, take the shot!” his commanding officer ordered and with that the same pressure, the same gut wrenching tension and the sick feeling filled him with a desire to just leave the gun on the ground, put his hands up and walk to the young man saying *‘it’s alright, we’re in this together, you and I. We might have different faiths but it’s the government, not us you need to fight. We can do it together.’* Within nano-seconds of the thought the hostage taker, the young Arab man, the shop keeper, was dead to the sound of ringing mortar fire in the distance. The student instantly collapsed as well, Levi had misfired and shot both of them.



## **Morocco, 12th 23:17; December 1938**

As Francois, the only French Farmer for miles around lay there struggling to breathe and bleeding from multiple gunshot wounds to his chest and lungs, he tired of trying to work out who had double-crossed him. The pain was incredible, it seared as he writhed in agony, and as he felt his body begin to give up he heard his thoughts question; '*Was it the woman he had met in the hotel lobby? Was it the soldier he had been speaking to?*'. By the time he realized this, all earlier flashbacks would amount to nothing he had already worked out that his final minutes on Earth were upon him. In the roofless Cathedral, the stars shone brightly, a woman dressed as a male priest ran towards the confession booth where he always prayed.

Thirty minutes earlier he had been a soldier, now he was a priest soon he would be dead; his skin began to crawl with ants and insects of all manners amidst the rubble of the cathedral, the scratching on the other side of the booth pushed him back to reality. A dog barked outside the perimeter that he was meant to have been watching carefully, there were three men in the tactical unit protected by an '*angel in the heavens*', that is, a sniper on the western wall of one of the buildings.

One of the two in the confession booth, a military man also dressed as a Catholic bishop rather than simply a priest jolted, almost in fear, but as he regained his composure quickly she noted the shaking hand of her counterpart with a bottle of Whisky from Scotland. The disused confession booth was the only area within three miles with inhabitants.

“He stood in a room filled with gun smoke, he, he was in military dress and it was a luger he shot the officers with” Francois finally began.

“How many were there.” The woman dressed as a priest asked.

“I believe they were three, maybe four dead soldiers. I swear I saw it with my own eyes.” The two of them who had slowly been encroaching on the position of Alpha lead quietly contemplated the nature of the words that had been uttered.

“Are you sure that you definitely saw the dog tags?” the first priest who had the whiskey paused for two minutes, even going so far as to hold his breath.

“I swear to god, it was him.” A storm was brewing in more than just a teacup.

“We’ve got to be quick, what’s her codename..” she paused, hoping that her cover wasn’t blown by the copious amounts of questions.

“The plan, god damn it! Stick to the plan. You’ve got to get this to a woman surname Sierra Oscar Charlie..” The sound of his voice was overshadowed by the gunshot. This time it was not silenced, and there would be few who would say that Francois was an informant to the British, but rather it was a signal to all stationed officers in Morocco awaiting news of the impending dark days ahead. That the Treaty of Versailles had been breached, according to international law; it was an act of war. Who knew that the mere repetition of the code name of the lady in the resistance could jeopardize the entire mission? The war, after all, was far from over. The war against Germany had unofficially begun again; word had to get back to England. It was not a good plan, it was not an excellent plan but it was a plan nonetheless in order to defeat the Nazi’s in what would amount to a long and

protracted battle, though not simply geographic but historic in itself.

A curious chain of events led to what amounted to the opposite of the short and painless death of history though; for the world was about to relive the misery of fighting another long and protracted war against another civilization on a different dimension.

## **Chapter 1: A question of time**

*“The poets and philosophers before me discovered the unconscious; what I discovered was the scientific methods by which it could be studied”* **Sigmund Freud**

In the silence of the near empty building, Eliza looked him in the eyes and for a moment, she thought that she actually felt the soul of time itself move through her body. For the Empire of Solon, the Kingdom of Time she lived as a servant to the Curator Sequential, whom in turn was a servant to his queen the Curator Exemplar. It wasn't until she had completed the daily routine of cleaning and then analysing the data from the computer housed within the lowest level of the building that she motioned towards it. The statue was of the children of nobility in a Region of Solon known as the '*The First Gate*'. It was her duty to make sure that no matter what, no one went near the old disused household in disrepair, and equally to make sure that throughout the ages, she kept everything as it was when the rulers had walked amongst the people.

There were times when many of the people who had asked her to give up hope made her doubt that love was in actual fact true, but in Eliza's mind the conviction and faith she had, led her to believe that there was little more to life without love. She walked around the chamber of flaked paint and old wood and wondered what it must have been like in the ancient world, when time existent was not just a matter of positioning yourself in the future or in the past.

She knew that she was in love with him, but there was no shared love between the two of them. Unrequited they called it in the books she used to read as a child, but as an adult, the new world seemed so daunting, so cold and undiscovered.

As Eliza walked away from the statue, she remembered the old song she used to sing to her children, but before she even allowed the words to move her, something caught her eye in the light on the stairwell leading to the upper chambers on the ground floor. There was a moment when she thought she was

seeing things as she knew every inch of the building like the back of her hands, she'd been there long enough. As she knelt on one knee to pick it up she realized it was a Coin Project, a holographic projection unit that went out of fashion when civilization ventured deep into space.

In her hand it was light, the color of slightly faded brass and shaped like a hollow semi-circle. *'It must have been left here by the Curator's'* she thought aloud in a perplexed manner, but allowed herself to carry on moving up the stairs despite not knowing how to use it. They creaked with each footstep, and as she neared the top of the staircase, she grew glad to see sunlight. As she placed it on the table next to a bust of the young Curator, 'Alexander the Liberator', the man with whom she had become almost obsessively besotted with, something curious happened. When she stepped away from the projector she attempted to turn her back to it. Eliza wasn't finished turning away in order to carry on her duties when she heard a strong masculine voice say the words;  
"Good afternoon. I am the Archive of Solon. To what end may I be of service to you?"

**Quantum Temporal Dynamics lecture**  
**Edinburgh – 11:53am; September 27th, 2016**

"Time is the dimension that separates or rather displaces parallel universes from the synchronous, the phase of our current spatial plane. It pushes us and pulls us through the ages, and always allows forward progression; though backward regression through time is impossible until such times as the end of time and potentially space." The professor carried on in the near empty university lecture auditorium. He placed his index finger on his

lip and then began to tap gently at it. Every word he said, every movement of his body signaled to his discomfort with the thought of having to disseminate the idea of the future, of which all people knew and understood to be fixed in a closed loop or changeable in an open loop. He had spent the last twenty years of his life attempting to discuss research and open up the doors in the university theatres and scientific conferences to the idea of potential for temporal measures and technology in a universe that ironically had no time for it.

This was his testament. A life of servitude to an idea he no longer believed in and a breadth of work he wanted to burn, but still they came to see him and still they listened as though they believed in him. He had heard the sneers behind his back; *'In order to move the entire planet, or rather the entire universe to a previous point in time, each individual sub-atomic particle that exists in the universe as at present within the universe would have to be pulled to the exact point in space with which it previously existed either now or in the present rather, to the point with which they each inhabited in the past.'* the expression of a bored onlooker stated as he attempted to read the crowd. Another audience members face told a similar story *'But at the same time, not only would that have to happen, each of the laws of physics, namely the conservation and loss of energy would have to be defined in incredibly great detail so as to define gravitational forces at the molecular level and even smaller; to such a level as to explain how certain phenomena as yet unexplained might become more relevant.'*

Dr Brian Taylor looked to the window, a tree swayed in the wind and it seemed like he had been silent for an eternity to the sound of coughs and people fidgeting on creaky chairs. The auditorium was far from packed, all ten of the inhabitants simply looked at

him musing, praying for an Einstein like moment of euphoric Eureka.

He had been walking from left to right when he suddenly stumbled upon a missing letter on the equation that would bind temporal substance to space, but before he could write it down, he stopped. His entire equation was wrong, he understood it but it was wrong nonetheless. After the brief pause in order to regain his bearings he carried on with the lecture stating;

“...Say, a person during one day in their lifetime, gets a phone call whilst making a cup of tea, switches on a plug to charge his or her laptop and then consumes the tea in the cup. In order for the reversal of time to be a realized reality, the regurgitation of the tea back into the cup, depletion of the laptops energy, reduction in kinetic energy of the kettle and return of the components of the cup along with the reversal of the sound, light and vibration energy through to the reversal of the individuals neural energy, leading to the wider world and the initial cognising of the thought to phone the tea maker would have to be a reality.” Taylor was looking from a micro to a macro level, he hadn’t prepared for the lecture as he knew the subject matter despite its still being in it’s infancy as a science. Professor Taylor wanted to ask a question of the audience, but had failed to note how time was running short.

“That, ladies and gentlemen is the end of this lecture, be sure to read the notes and prepare for the next lecture where we’ll be talking about the positioning of equidistant signal receivers and transmitters throughout space on a theoretical interstellar to intergalactic basis and the difference between that theory and diverging sonic dampeners. All bar one person rushed to leave the auditorium, a young lady, one of the students walked towards him and asked a question he wasn’t expecting.

His greying hair and melancholic expression at the way his career had turned out was far from the reason he felt sorry for himself.

“Dr Taylor, might I have a word with you in confidence?” the young student asked as he gathered his papers and continued tidying the board.

“Ah Miss, um..” it was unlike him to forget a name, his near photographic memory had been conditioned over time and he had grown heavily reliant upon it, but as he grew older, he had become consumed with the thirst for knowledge which was all that drove him. So much so in fact, that he was forgetting the most important person in his life and the people he supported at the hospital, namely his mother and the patients and staff at the Royal Infirmary.

“Clarke, August Clarke. I’ve been reading a few of your older theses; namely the Theory of Temporal Dissonance. I had a question about it, namely, the question of forward retention of time when increasing or slowing down the.. er.. the momentum of backwards time travel within your composed ideology..”

“Ah.. the variables in an open loop with converging temporal parallels. That was my hypothesis on a paradoxical structure in which, the entire world, each and every one individual travelling backwards in time, along with sub atomic energies and reactions travelling backwards, the solar system, galaxy and universe would contract. Stars would become smaller and seem less bright or more so dependent on their age and distance from Earth, pulsars would absorb and radiate energy in reverse rather than radiate and absorb it, black holes would become white holes spewing energy and matter back into the space they once would have existed; planets would disintegrate, reversing gravity to coalesce the masses of gas and matter that makes a planet what it



is. Was that what you were talking about Miss Clarke?" she looked at him as though he thought she was stupid, but she was more nervous about asserting herself than he realized.

"Suffice to say, it would take an astronomical amount of energy, and more than that, those individuals travelling through time would somehow have to be shielded from the masses of matter wouldn't they, rather than solely energy shifts and radiation?" she paused and then turned her question into a two tiered rhetorical answer to his original paper.

"Would that mean that any one of an infinitesimal number of sub and super particle structures from quantum through to planetary and solar entity size for the time traveller instantaneously would be drawn, not to them but through their exact position in space?" she asked. Calmly he put down his papers and then walked towards her making note not to take his eyes off of her.

"Miss Clarke.. August!" he began, but he knew that there was more to the question than at first he had realized. What she had basically asked was not what kind of technology would be required to shield her from the radiation. Nor what kind of technology would be required to shield her from the matter where she was to travel through time. Rather, what would allow her not to flit out of existence at the same time; equally how would the possibility of stopping any forward or backward time travel become a reality where movement was possible.

August had already figured it out and it was evident in the way she ended the question confidently. The missing letter he had noted in the course of the lecture was the answer but it had taken him twenty years to figure it out. *'How could she have worked out one of the most complex equations known to man, more complex than the theory of everything?'* he thought imperceptibly.

“Because I’m your great granddaughter..” she replied with a serious expression and a grave tone. She knew this would be a difficult conversation so without so much as a pause she pulled out a small item that looked like a phone. She looked around the auditorium cautiously, then having made sure it was empty, pressed a button on it, and there it was; the multi-verse with planet Earth at the centre and a mass of numbers above each image like a star chart through parallel dimensions, floating in blue as a holographic sphere of pure light in mid air.

“..Peace, a word for a state of rest and well-being or consciousness that is all together calm and at times memorable.” She continued growing in confidence as she recited the words from the plaque at home, of which she had been told to say and then looking around the auditorium a second time before putting it away again.

“Empires have been built in ages long since preserved in museums; of wood, of stone, of gold and silver and of late, of glass. But all of them are not the result of present or future endeavours. Rather we are the result of past endeavours. I asked my kids to think of a question seemingly quite difficult but I will explain why this question is more philosophical than at first appearance.” She then stopped talking and looked at him, he didn’t know how many times she had relived the same sentence he was about to ask, but this time was different.

“..er.. How many kids do you have?” he tried to ask her, she couldn’t have been older than nineteen, for her, it was direct and to the point meaning the temporal transference of data directly fused to his myelin sheath and mental synapses on a neuron by neuron level had worked.

“We need to talk. Not now, not here, take this and don’t say a single word to anyone about what I’ve just shown you. Don’t let

them see you open it.” As she walked away, leaving a sealed envelope with the words THE NINETH on his desk. Taylor couldn’t understand it, it was too much to take in but he simply believed it which was even more startling to him, because he knew that she was his student, nothing more. He couldn’t believe what he had just seen, nor what he had just heard but his life was all too real now.

As he sat down on the stool, looking at the envelope some students started filtering in for the next lecture. He put the envelope in his jacket pocket and waited for the auditorium to fill to capacity, with that began his next lecture.

“From the birth of the human race on this planet..” he smiled a dry smile knowing more than had initially met the eye of this subject now. He had more answers than his brain could calculate but the questions hadn’t even begun formulating. “On Earth we have existed as tribes of hunter-gatherers in forms even now we do not yet know..” then he started asking questions of god mentally whilst talking not realizing that the equation he was writing was coming from whatever she had somehow placed within his mind. ‘*What did she do to me?*’ he thought.

“..what was prior to hunter-gatherer, before we bi-peds called ourselves Homo-Sapiens or before Australopithecus walked amongst evolving dinosaurs!” he exclaimed almost gleefully, his heart beating in his chest faster than ever before without even so much as a word to anyone about what had just happened.

## **Chapter 2: The light detective**

*“..of deepest darkest solitude and the stillness ravaged by time;  
my friend, my enemy...”*

### **The songs of Solon – Book IV**

As the holographic projector activated it made a strange sort of sound, as though something in the small mechanism was caught or broken. Eliza picked up one of the tools and in frustration hit the projector only for it to jolt into action slowly at first, with garbled speech and then the audio began to get clearer until it was understandable.

“Welcome to the Archives of Solon; a complete historic journey through the dimensions of time and space in interplanetary colonisation”.

### **New York City – 21:34; February 14th, 2016**

He was drunk. The fear of old age was in his greying reflection; not his eyebrows, not his hair but his reflection in the mirror. There had been a number of times when he had thought about quitting, but this was going to be the night when it all went away, when he ended it all and simply walked away from the job. He was alone, no wife, the kids were too old and too cool to hang with their dad; the cat had run away and he couldn't remember what his family looked like, let alone the sound of any of his loved one's voices. All there was, all there would ever be in his own mind were the voices of the past and the faces of the future;

the only present he had never asked for, because he didn't like surprises.

Will Ebbinghaus had come to terms with his mortality ten years ago, and the demons that surrounded him in his life had far from moved on, but were forever following him, haunting and taunting him. They were in the holy word, they were in the street, they were in the eyes of people at crime scenes and on television. More than that, they were in the reflections of the faces he could see in the mirror, always the mirror, never water, windows or any matter of things, but mirrors. A curious circular device with a seemingly flashing thumb print was attached to the mirror.

As he looked at the dirty old basin, he remembered how he had always thought to himself, *'I will never let myself get like this. In an age when civilization is moving so fast that knowledge, data and mnemonic take on different meanings, all I have is you my friend'* but even his reflection stared back at him, and he didn't like what he saw. The world, as it always did, was constantly changing but forever the same; a war on drugs, terrorism in the western world, vice and contamination of the genome along with conspiracy theories, all things he didn't understand. The two words he had lived for, fought for, potentially would die for were ringing in his ears but he couldn't see it becoming a reality because of the very same wars.

"Will, you remember me!" he said to his old reflection, as though expecting it to talk back. There was a large crack in the mirror and a number of insects flying around the light above his head. Some of them kept hitting the light bulb and making the same glassy collision sound they always made in the stillness of the night.

As he stepped away from the mirror, he looked once again for the bottle of whiskey, a more expensive choice but he knew

that if he was going to succumb to alcohol, he would drink the best damned alcohol there was and enjoy the journey for what it was worth.

“Nine damned hours and then it’ll be over.” He said aloud when he had meant to think it. It was getting worse these days, the visions, his shaking right hand, the coughing and more than that his depression. Once he had had it all, once he had seen the world and the world had looked back at him, handing him an abyss as the only gift he would never be able to return. Nothing seemed to make sense, yet he knew exactly what he had to do as he picked the glass bottle and a mug from the side of the bed and looked at the mug once again.

“I’ll show you floating..” he replied to the words on the mug, as though they had been written in reply to a thought he hadn’t cognized yet and without even so much as a second thought, in frustration or feigned anger he threw the mug, smashing it into a thousand pieces and then simply attempted to down the remaining contents of the bottle, but not before he realized there was a cigarette butt in the bottle.

There was a long interval of silence. Between the rustling in the darkness outside and the thoughts, faces that were either clear as day or shadows that were fading into the smoke filled background reminding him of all the people he had tortured, mortally wounded or killed in the line of duty. He wanted to let his mind drift to a place where he could simply say he was at peace, peacefully resting with his family, but he knew that there was no going back from the first death to the last. The soullessness of what he felt he had to do, to see the day through was getting to him. Ebbinghaus wasn’t eating properly, struggling to sleep and he knew that looking after himself was more than a lonely mountain he was climbing alone.

He was born in Edinburgh, the capital city of Scotland, and despite having a German father and a French mother he was what some would call a proud Scot. His accent was broad, thick and filled with many colloquial expletives at the best and the worst of times, but he was getting to grips with his use of coarse or foul language, reminiscent of the fact that he had grown up in the working class part of Leith in a time when working class didn't mean anything more than simply someone who worked. He wished he could go back to Edinburgh, but he was never likely going to see the old city with his own eyes again.

"Look at you, fucking look at you, I know that I will see..." He shouted at his watch to the sound of banging on the wall. The neighbour's in the Queens apartment where he lived didn't take kindly to noise so late at night.

"Hey buddy! I got work in the mornin!" came a call from one of the neighbours and with that Ebbinghaus, who had studied Criminology and Social Anthropology at Edinburgh University showed one of his best renditions of his favorite Criminal Psychology lecturer and simply flipped his middle finger at the wall. It was at that point that the circular disc with the flashing red thumb print started to make a noise like a mobile phone ringtone, subtle yet still annoying enough to get his attention.

Almost instantly he composed himself as though he hadn't had anything to drink, but it was still evident in the way he walked towards the mirror again. After placing his thumb on the flashing disc, it changed from red to green and then a small holographic representation of the doctor he had been chasing for a series of homicides appeared right in front of him as though she were there in the room. He spoke loud and clearly as though reading from a transcript of official proceedings or something of that nature;

“Dr August Taylor-Clarke – Identity verified, temporal signature unknown. Index located...” came the call from the computerized voice.

“...end transmission. Light detective 135A, prepare for secondary transmission, priority 1.” The female voice was soft and calm but there was a sense of urgency about the way in which she spoke. Within less than a second the transmission started and this time it was less of a letter, than a distress call. “Will, she’s in Edinburgh, September on one of either the 28th or 27th or 26th. I can’t tell whether she is regressing as I can’t pinpoint her exact location but there is a possibility she is in the location of all three. The future and the past are both changing too quickly to tell but you need to get to him now. Its this year and this time, I think it’s serious. The first transmission was an identifier, the signature was the index. It’s been activated by whom we don’t know but it belonged to the late Dr Taylor. I don’t know how Syris did it, but I think it’s either cloning them, or we’re back in the secondary parallel. Your only role is to protect and extract; nothing other than that.” His commanding officer ended the signal with a series of images that were unfamiliar at first but then he realised, it was the city but in the past; his present or at the least in a few months from where he presently resided in time.

“End Transmission” came the computerized voice once more. Ebbinghaus was out the door without so much as a word, he’d already ascertained the location of one of the most valuable objects in the known universe and had no time to waste. He had to find her. He’d been stuck here in the past for nearly eight months and with the nature of his job, he knew he had to get back to work at some point.



### **Location unknown, time unknown, date unknown**

Safety, a word he used to believe in was lost to a war he'd equally forgotten in the boundary between the living and the dead. The reality though, unfortunate as it was, had left him trapped and wandering aimlessly for what felt like an eternity. Syris wanted to pull her out of the rocks within the dank, dark cave. She had stopped calling to him and being blind all he could do was shout calmly; he made every attempt to find it, the dagger she had entrusted him with but was at a loss, he couldn't locate it.

Unbeknownst to him, it was at his feet and every time he turned around to try and get his bearings using the rocks in the cavernous enclosure of his seemingly unending prison, he would step over it or kick it, but just couldn't locate the exact point where it was. He knew he was alone and that they were coming for him, and in the darkness, he would not be able to protect his sister.

"Lara!" he shouted one last time as though it were of any use. He hadn't heard her voice and all that was left was the sound of his heartbeat, the condensation falling from the ceiling and then it happened. Some rocks moved slowly at first in the distance and then a few more closer to him, as though there were something or someone near by. Once more he called her name and still she didn't answer. They were playing in the cave when she had fallen and gotten trapped. She had tried throwing the sheathed dagger to

him in the hopes that should any predators approach them, they would see the light of it and be scared off. But that was not the case as was evident by the more recent of his endeavors to find it. “Who’s there Syris called, but no answer was his reply as he backed away from the sound of the footsteps surrounding him. This was his darkest hour and never more so had the young boy been more scared as he stumbled backwards only to fall grasping at nothing more than thin air to try and keep his balance. As he hit the ground, his arms still failing him, finally Syris found the dagger as a curious coincidence, and saying nothing he unsheathed it.

“Stay back!” he huffed, visibly shaken as he continued to back away to the sound of one paw after another motioning towards his position in the near silence of the cave, his voice echoing into the distance.

The two of them had been warned not to play in the caves by the coast, but rather to look after one another and gather wood from the surrounding forest; yet still being young, his older sister had pushed him to prove he was not afraid of the wolf’s lair.

Lurking in the darkness was a pair of eyes, motioning towards its prey, memories of every victim, every kill taunting it and filling it with the same yearning for flesh. Like a sweet scent perfuming the air, the sound of its heart beating; of her heart beating in the darkness painted a picture as he swung the dagger in the direction of the steady growls of the snarling wolf and then it was all over.

## Chapter 1: A question of time

*“The poets and philosophers before me discovered the unconscious; what I discovered was the scientific methods by which it could be studied”* **Sigmund Freud**

In the silence of the near empty building, Eliza looked him in the eyes and for a moment, she thought that she actually felt the soul of time itself move through her body. For the Empire of Solon, the Kingdom of Time she lived as a servant to the Curator Sequential, whom in turn was a servant to his queen the Curator Exemplar. It wasn't until she had completed the daily routine of cleaning and then analysing the data from the computer housed within the lowest level of the building that she motioned towards it. The statue was of the children of nobility in a Region of Solon known as the *'The First Gate'*. It was her duty to make sure that no matter what, no one went near the old disused household in disrepair, and equally to make sure that throughout the ages, she kept everything as it was when the rulers had walked amongst the people.

There were times when many of the people who had asked her to give up hope made her doubt that love was in actual fact

true, but in Eliza's mind the conviction and faith she had, led her to believe that there was little more to life without love. She walked around the chamber of flaked paint and old wood and wondered what it must have been like in the ancient world, when time existent was not just a matter of positioning yourself in the future or in the past.

She knew that she was in love with him, but there was no shared love between the two of them. Unrequited they called it in the books she used to read as a child, but as an adult, the new world seemed so daunting, so cold and undiscovered.

As Eliza walked away from the statue, she remembered the old song she used to sing to her children, but before she even allowed the words to move her, something caught her eye in the light on the stairwell leading to the upper chambers on the ground floor. There was a moment when she thought she was seeing things as she knew every inch of the building like the back of her hands, she'd been there long enough. As she knelt on one knee to pick it up she realized it was a Coin Project, a holographic projection unit that went out of fashion when civilization ventured deep into space.

In her hand it was light, the colour of slightly faded brass and shaped like a hollow semi-circle. '*It must have been left here by the Curator's*' she thought aloud in a perplexed manner, but allowed herself to carry on moving up the stairs despite not knowing how to use it. They creaked with each footstep, and as she neared the top of the staircase, she grew glad to see sunlight. As she placed it on the table next to a bust of the young Curator, 'Alexander the Liberator', the man with whom she had become almost obsessively besotted with, something curious happened. When she stepped away from the projector she attempted to turn her back to it. Eliza wasn't finished turning away in order to

carry on her duties when she heard a strong masculine voice say the words;

“Good afternoon. I am the Archive of Solon. To what end may I be of service to you?”

**Quantum Temporal Dynamics lecture**  
**Edinburgh – 11:53am; September 27th, 2016**

“Time is the dimension that separates or rather displaces parallel universes from the synchronous, the phase of our current spatial plane. It pushes us and pulls us through the ages, and always allows forward progression; though backward regression through time is impossible until such times as the end of time and potentially space.” The professor carried on in the near empty university lecture auditorium. He placed his index finger on his lip and then began to tap gently at it. Every word he said, every movement of his body signaled to his discomfort with the thought of having to disseminate the idea of the future, of which all people knew and understood to be fixed in a closed loop or changeable in an open loop. He had spent the last twenty years of his life attempting to discuss research and open up the doors in the university theatres and scientific conferences to the idea of potential for temporal measures and technology in a universe that ironically had no time for it.

This was his testament. A life of servitude to an idea he no longer believed in and a breadth of work he wanted to burn, but still they came to see him and still they listened as though they

believed in him. He had heard the sneers behind his back; *‘In order to move the entire planet, or rather the entire universe to a previous point in time, each individual sub-atomic particle that exists in the universe as at present within the universe would have to be pulled to the exact point in space with which it previously existed either now or in the present rather, to the point with which they each inhabited in the past.’* the expression of a bored onlooker stated as he attempted to read the crowd. Another audience members face told a similar story *‘But at the same time, not only would that have to happen, each of the laws of physics, namely the conservation and loss of energy would have to be defined in incredibly great detail so as to define gravitational forces at the molecular level and even smaller; to such a level as to explain how certain phenomena as yet unexplained might become more relevant.’*

Dr Brian Taylor looked to the window, a tree swayed in the wind and it seemed like he had been silent for an eternity to the sound of coughs and people fidgeting on creaky chairs. The auditorium was far from packed, all ten of the inhabitants simply looked at him musing, praying for an Einstein like moment of euphoric Eureka.

He had been walking from left to right when he suddenly stumbled upon a missing letter on the equation that would bind temporal substance to space, but before he could write it down, he stopped. His entire equation was wrong, he understood it but it was wrong nonetheless. After the brief pause in order to regain his bearings he carried on with the lecture stating;

“...Say, a person during one day in their lifetime, gets a phone call whilst making a cup of tea, switches on a plug to charge his or her laptop and then consumes the tea in the cup. In order for the reversal of time to be a realized reality, the regurgitation of

the tea back into the cup, depletion of the laptops energy, reduction in kinetic energy of the kettle and return of the components of the cup along with the reversal of the sound, light and vibration energy through to the reversal of the individuals neural energy, leading to the wider world and the initial cognizing of the thought to phone the tea maker would have to be a reality.” Taylor was looking from a micro to a macro level, he hadn’t prepared for the lecture as he knew the subject matter despite its still being in it’s infancy as a science. Professor Taylor wanted to ask a question of the audience, but had failed to note how time was running short.

“That, ladies and gentlemen is the end of this lecture, be sure to read the notes and prepare for the next lecture where we’ll be talking about the positioning of equidistant signal receivers and transmitters throughout space on a theoretical interstellar to intergalactic basis and the difference between that theory and diverging sonic dampeners. All bar one person rushed to leave the auditorium, a young lady, one of the students walked towards him and asked a question he wasn’t expecting.

His greying hair and melancholic expression at the way his career had turned out was far from the reason he felt sorry for himself.

“Dr Taylor, might I have a word with you in confidence?” the young student asked as he gathered his papers and continued tidying the board.

“Ah Miss, um..” it was unlike him to forget a name, his near photographic memory had been conditioned over time and he had grown heavily reliant upon it, but as he grew older, he had become consumed with the thirst for knowledge which was all that drove him. So much so in fact, that he was forgetting the most important person in his life and the people he supported at

the hospital, namely his mother and the patients and staff at the Royal Infirmary.

“Clarke, August Clarke. I’ve been reading a few of your older theses; namely the Theory of Temporal Dissonance. I had a question about it, namely, the question of forward retention of time when increasing or slowing down the.. er.. the momentum of backwards time travel within your composed ideology..”

“Ah.. the variables in an open loop with converging temporal parallels. That was my hypothesis on a paradoxical structure in which, the entire world, each and every one individual travelling backwards in time, along with sub atomic energies and reactions travelling backwards, the solar system, galaxy and universe would contract. Stars would become smaller and seem less bright or more so dependent on their age and distance from Earth, pulsars would absorb and radiate energy in reverse rather than radiate and absorb it, black holes would become white holes spewing energy and matter back into the space they once would have existed; planets would disintegrate, reversing gravity to coalesce the masses of gas and matter that makes a planet what it is. Was that what you were talking about Miss Clarke?” she looked at him as though he thought she was stupid, but she was more nervous about asserting herself than he realized.

“Suffice to say, it would take an astronomical amount of energy, and more than that, those individuals travelling through time would somehow have to be shielded from the masses of matter wouldn’t they, rather than solely energy shifts and radiation?” she paused and then turned her question into a two tiered rhetorical answer to his original paper.

“Would that mean that any one of an infinitesimal number of sub and super particle structures from quantum through to planetary and solar entity size for the time traveller instantaneously would



be drawn, not to them but through their exact position in space?” she asked. Calmly he put down his papers and then walked towards her making note not to take his eyes off of her. “Miss Clarke.. August!” he began, but he knew that there was more to the question than at first he had realized. What she had basically asked was not what kind of technology would be required to shield her from the radiation. Nor what kind of technology would be required to shield her from the matter where she was to travel through time. Rather, what would allow her not to flit out of existence at the same time; equally how would the possibility of stopping any forward or backward time travel become a reality where movement was possible.

August had already figured it out and it was evident in the way she ended the question confidently. The missing letter he had noted in the course of the lecture was the answer but it had taken him twenty years to figure it out. *‘How could she have worked out one of the most complex equations known to man, more complex than the theory of everything?’* he thought imperceptibly.

“Because I’m your great granddaughter..” she replied with a serious expression and a grave tone. She knew this would be a difficult conversation so without so much as a pause she pulled out a small item that looked like a phone. She looked around the auditorium cautiously, then having made sure it was empty, pressed a button on it, and there it was; the multi-verse with planet Earth at the centre and a mass of numbers above each image like a star chart through parallel dimensions, floating in blue as a holographic sphere of pure light in mid air.

“..Peace, a word for a state of rest and well-being or consciousness that is all together calm and at times memorable.” She continued growing in confidence as she recited the words

from the plaque at home, of which she had been told to say and then looking around the auditorium a second time before putting it away again.

“Empires have been built in ages long since preserved in museums; of wood, of stone, of gold and silver and of late, of glass. But all of them are not the result of present or future endeavours. Rather we are the result of past endeavours. I asked my kids to think of a question seemingly quite difficult but I will explain why this question is more philosophical than at first appearance.” She then stopped talking and looked at him, he didn’t know how many times she had relived the same sentence he was about to ask, but this time was different.

“..er.. How many kids do you have?” he tried to ask her, she couldn’t have been older than nineteen, for her, it was direct and to the point meaning the temporal transference of data directly fused to his myelin sheath and mental synapses on a neuron by neuron level had worked.

“We need to talk. Not now, not here, take this and don’t say a single word to anyone about what I’ve just shown you. Don’t let them see you open it.” As she walked away, leaving a sealed envelope with the words THE NINETIETH on his desk. Taylor couldn’t understand it, it was too much to take in but he simply believed it which was even more startling to him, because he knew that she was his student, nothing more. He couldn’t believe what he had just seen, nor what he had just heard but his life was all too real now.

As he sat down on the stool, looking at the envelope some students started filtering in for the next lecture. He put the envelope in his jacket pocket and waited for the auditorium to fill to capacity, with that began his next lecture.

“From the birth of the human race on this planet..” he smiled a dry smile knowing more than had initially met the eye of this subject now. He had more answers than his brain could calculate but the questions hadn’t even begun formulating. “On Earth we have existed as tribes of hunter-gatherers in forms even now we do not yet know..” then he started asking questions of god mentally whilst talking not realizing that the equation he was writing was coming from whatever she had somehow placed within his mind. ‘*What did she do to me?*’ he thought. “..what was prior to hunter-gatherer, before we bi-peds called ourselves Homo-Sapiens or before Australopithecus walked amongst evolving dinosaurs!” he exclaimed almost gleefully, his heart beating in his chest faster than ever before without even so much as a word to anyone about what had just happened.

**Jerusalem – 11:53am; February 17th,2016**

Death was cold and unpleasant; though for Erich it was fast becoming memorable. For the people he had left behind, he was a symbol of discipline, trained to perfection in armed combat, hostage taking and negotiation skills. But the one thing he should have been remembered as, a father was overshadowed by the fact that there was tension between the Arab and Jew community. He lived for his job, and had died a symbol of a war that was not ending.

As the police officers surrounded the young man in the shopping mall, his eyes looked out to the masses of people just beyond the police line. Helpless, this was the hardest lesson he would ever have to face, alone and without anyone he could turn to for support.

“Armed police, put down your weapon! We have you surrounded!” shouted the police officer closest to him, his heart beating in his chest, sweat on his brow. It had been a short journey from the police station; one which the officer knew all too well. He’d lost a friend and the anger, the sorrow, the lack of compassion with which he felt for those around him, for the young man was all too real.

A knife attack had left his friend in a serious condition and the ambulance hadn’t arrived in time, meaning that by the time he arrived at the hospital, he had lost too much blood. All the things Erich Fromm could have achieved; the lives he could have saved in performing his duty and keeping the peace.

The cool rain left a chill in the night air which made him shiver as he looked at the Arab man with a knife around the neck of a Jewish student, or at least so the report would later state. Levi looked towards the hostage and loosened then tightened his grip on the trigger, he was on the second level of the shopping mall, then it dawned on him; Levi recognized the assailant. A shopkeeper in the Old Town, next to David’s Gate, he had never stood out much. *‘How long will this go on? how much longer do we all have to keep doing our duty? Serving and protecting the people from each other, when they could live not in a relative state of peace, but in actual peace?’* he thought as he concentrated on the student, looking through the scope to make sure he had a clear shot.

Fear had driven too many people away from Israel as a result of the war; Levi was tired of just that fact. Living in fear, the loss of Fromm was not something he liked to talk about; the two of them were from different countries. Fromm a German, Levi an Israeli; Fromm a family man, Levi a man married to his faith. One of them was an outsider, a foreigner who had felt he

had no right to be there, he had moved to Israel as a child, his parents trying to do something in an age of dark uncertainty that had saved many. The other was all about protecting the very people he had fought so hard for. Both of them knew the religious connotations of their differing faiths, both of them believed that they had been crucified as a result of decisions they had made, both of them men of conviction and honour.

Levi listened to the in-ear radio but struggled to concentrate as his call sign was called over the radio. "In position.." he heard his own voice say confidently, but the confidence he felt he had was all but gone. His heart wasn't in this job any longer, he could afford to leave but would he? "If you have line of sight, take the shot!" his commanding officer ordered and with that the same pressure, the same gut wrenching tension and the sick feeling filled him with a desire to just leave the gun on the ground, put his hands up and walk to the young man saying *'it's alright, we're in this together, you and I. We might have different faiths but it's the government, not us you need to fight. We can do it together.'* Within nano-seconds of the thought the hostage taker, the young Arab man, the shop keeper, was dead to the sound of ringing mortar fire in the distance. The student instantly collapsed as well, Levi had misfired and shot both of them.

### **Berlin, 12th 23:17; December 1938**

They hadn't searched his body, *'Thank god they didn't find it'* he thought imperceptibly. It was broken and the officers would have lacked the technology to work out what it was. Thirty minutes earlier he had been escorted by a soldier to his current position, he would have laughed at the irony had he known of the fact that

he was dressed as a priest for a secret meeting with his own mysterious killer; soon he would be dead; his skin began to crawl with ants and insects of all manners amidst the rubble of the cathedral, the scratching on the other side of the booth pushed him back to reality. As Francois, the only French politician for miles around lay there struggling to breathe and bleeding from multiple gunshot wounds to his chest and lungs, he tired of trying to work out who had double-crossed him. The pain was incredible, it seared as he writhed in agony, and as he felt his body begin to give up he heard his thoughts question; *‘Was it the woman he had met in the hotel lobby? Was it the soldier he had been speaking to?’* By the time he realized this, all earlier flashbacks would amount to nothing he had already worked out that his final minutes on Earth were upon him.

In the roofless Cathedral, the stars shone brightly whilst a dog barked outside the perimeter that he was meant to have been watching carefully, there were three men in the tactical unit protecting him but none of them noticed the sniper on the roof of one of the buildings.

One of the two in the confession booth, a woman who had been in the resistance also dressed as a bishop rather than simply a priest jolted, almost in fear, but as he regained his composure quickly she noted the shaking hand of her counterpart with a bottle of Whisky. The disused cathedral was the only area within miles with inhabitants.

“He stood in a room filled with gun smoke, he, he was in military dress and it was a luger he shot the officers with..” Francois nervously began.

“How many were there?” The woman dressed as a priest asked.

“I believe they were three, maybe four dead soldiers. I saw it with my own eyes.” The two of them contemplated the nature of the words that had been uttered.

“Are you sure that you definitely saw the dog tags?” the lady priest who had the whiskey paused after asking the question.

“I swear to god, it was him.” A storm was brewing and became evident through the licks of lightning rippling across the sky.

“We’ve got to be quick in sending word to any British officers stationed here, what’s her codename..” she paused, hoping that her cover wasn’t blown by the copious amounts of questions.

“The plan, god damn it! Stick to the plan. You’ve got to get this to a woman surname Sierra Oscar Charlie..” before he could hand her the envelope in his under garments the sound of his voice was overshadowed by two gunshots. This time it was not silenced, and there would be few who would say that Francois was an informant to the British, but rather it was a signal to all stationed officers in Morocco awaiting news of the impending dark days ahead. The fact that the Treaty of Versailles had been breached, according to international law, was an act of war. Who knew that the mere repetition of the code name of the lady in the resistance could jeopardize the entire mission? The war, after all, was far from over. The war against Germany had unofficially begun, again; word had to get back to England. It was not a good plan, it was not an excellent plan but it was a plan nonetheless in order to defeat the Nazi’s in what would not only be geographic but historic in significance.

A curious chain of events led to what amounted to the opposite of the short and painless death of history though; for the world was about to relive the misery of fighting another long and protracted war against an unknown civilization on a different dimension.

## **The Etchings of Dr Henry: The Universe as a Bump**

“Thus,” he gently began.

“following the traversal of multiversic space, you can manipulate thermodynamics in relativity..” it was simple for Henry. I had received a number of etchings in parcels that only arrived at dawn, just before the sunrise. Florian Grey always delivered them with writing between February and March of 1912. The first etching I received simply stated a name. Charlotte Henry-Lord. I couldn’t tell then what kind of plans were afoot, but being a police officer of Her Majesties Crown Metropolitan Service I couldn’t help but resist another cup of tea, as only uncivilised brutes drank.



## **Part IV: Poems and Sonnets**

## 0

Once I longed for a retreat by the sea,  
to watch ships sail to frothy shore,  
longing, for a glimpse by day or night,  
of all I see,  
divided only by attention to peace  
and hope no more.

“Stay..” she whispered  
each breath varying in depth,  
every heartbeat moving from shallow to deep;  
“..stay in the light!” she would finally exclaim,

despite the clear and challenging depth.

She would struggle with steps,  
but off to work another day;  
coffee to fight sleep,  
jacket to fight the cold,  
her voice calling where reality cuts.

Issues unresolved for all its worth,  
I cannot regain the time  
yet a soul pours.

Had the earth, or I, cost more,  
neither she, nor I would share a song.  
But today is my own,  
a mourning for another day.

Like a beauty spot on inky skin,  
there is still beauty in nature;  
if nothing else.

## 1

Once again, dared I to drink of a potion,  
as a product of time itself long since remade;  
in which I discovered a solution,  
to all of life's problems, and found my dreams bare laid.

Through open doors and hallways,  
I travelled out of sight;  
towards a land of purified light always,  
as beams filled me with might.

Beyond this there was little else thus far,  
no buildings, roads or people;  
only creatures composed of a distant star,  
in whom my eyes grew feeble.

It was in this dream I finally awoke  
Churning and yearning for the sound they softly spoke.

## 2

As always struggled, I, to think.  
Despite the multitude of clocks,  
with their incessant ticking, began I to sink;  
into a menagerie of unreality until the door, it knocks.

Dancing a motionless jig to door,  
with stampeding clock-sound following;

I'd reach arm out to open floor,  
falling elation turning to wallowing.

Yet still this rap on hollow wood,  
where breaching sand remain,  
gathering myself to open door, should,  
until the smiling sound I feign.

Like sparks of fire remained in mind,  
the smiling sound returned in kind.

### 3

What manner of clouds are these?  
Forever, eternally caught in sunset,  
where no rain falls on hungry trees,  
but rather, the opposition to being consumed with love unmet.

Between these ears and eyes,

within this empty hollow heart of mine,  
yet still, I consume love, were it not for these ears and eyes,  
listening and seeing, watching and waiting for a sign.

This sign I speak of,  
in which all things grow;  
as with molten gold thereof,  
more precious is it than snow.

As with all things this bitter breed,  
carrying with it all things, as with the seed.

## 4

Imagine being the last set of eyes to see a sunrise,  
or feel the breeze calm and cool.

Imagine being the last to see a tree fall  
or hear the sound of the rain call.

If I could play, I'd say;  
    I shall slay with beats and not bombs,  
    words not tanks at my flank,  
    Soldiers calling ranks as  
    boots shovelled through minds of mud or snow,  
pulling banks into roads  
mountains and tree's bearing the only leaves  
the only leafs that god intended unsheathed.

As a wall of ivy grows  
    I'd hope my words flow,  
    such that I can reap what I sow,  
    in order to show how  
I discovered a world anew.  
A world with you.  
I wanted to see you view the stars.

### **Caritas**

Thus centurion, feathery vein protruding  
from its light helm exposing his factual features,

a face, to enemy bright;  
Grecian, Median, Phoenician or Byzantine in age.  
This centurion, we once would call him Aquila,  
which means 'is of the genus of birds' and  
(in this instance including certain species of eagles),  
'Aquila', the centurions given name;  
his family name.  
This Roman,  
free citizen, full in rights of property and marriage,  
soldier to his Emperor known as Caesar,  
speaker of Latin, foolish in lust and in the 'gravitas',  
dignity, solemnity, or seriousness of manner.  
Aquila was his name, Commander of no armies  
in the south or north but rather builder;  
of rubbished boats, painter of rubbished walls,  
sealer of rubbished floors and defiler of self.  
Lacking Caritas, amore, amor.  
In all but meaning, knowledge of which is a flag,  
for every person regardless of homo, leaving erectus for sapiens.  
The creator of charity,  
affection, high price and expensiveness are famine prices;  
the advancement of a civilisation born of this Caritas or love (economic).

### **Ode to the Sea's Song and the Accursed Name**



Were it as easy as writing, from pen to nib,  
to writers artistic sheath freed; both would have toured.

Taking centuries to Communicate, and learn to view Love,  
their tragic Love, a view from the beach.

Sea lapping, wave upon wave, to frothy glistening wave,  
as sun beam hides its face for a second.

“Cloud, you are majestic!” Science would state in his mature years,  
missing the Philosophising and Questioning.

Science would state in Youth, a musing of logic Old;  
in parameters that measured and returned an answer.

At the same time, Architecture would glance,  
over newspaper, remarking on seal and otter’s whiskers.

To Architecture, it was amazing to behold,  
oh the similarity to the whiskers of a cat.

As rime ticked and tocked, Science would then stop,  
turning to the lady on the beach front seating.

“Why say...” Science would coo,  
“..you wouldn’t happen to have the time, would you?”

Politest voice and quaint accent resonating in Architecture,  
she smiled and with that their romance began.

For humble Architecture quiet, calm;  
who met Science and communed in holy matrimony on that day

### **Birth of the Lineage of Master Bachelor Science**

Their names are neither here nor there,  
for fermions and bosons, quarks or protons.  
Herein enters Science, this strange creature;

born of Science Senior and Technology.

“What am I” he would unwittingly ask, to his parents dismay;

“Am I polity? Of a nomad tribe focused on witchcraft and shaman music?”

As he grew, Science continued to reason with Technology,  
questioning all that had come before him, time and again.

He questioned the air, and prayed for an answer.

“Am I alive, or hologram simulation?”

Yet no answer was forthcoming.

“Reset your mind child, we will yet speak of Science.” she would reply,  
comforting her young child, where no comfort was found.

As Science Senior passed away, Science became the man of the house.

For a time; eager to help Technology,

he began studying, in order to provide for mother,

yet unable to gain employment, too radical they called him.

One day, whilst heating his breakfast;

he began consuming time, like frozen spinach,

all this at the speed of a processor in parallel, without serial.

In his solitary apartment, far from old mother Technology,

his waking moments, walking moments consumed by a chain of Benzene;  
of which he would ask constant questions.

Such as for instance, to the nature of atomic particulate;

such that a molecule could bear his name as a written series of symbols.

“Must I, this failed state of a man..” he would introspectively ask,

“..energised to the intensity of luminous quantum diseratta..” continuing,

“..in the name of the late Science Senior and my mother Technology..”

for Science Senior had progressed to a late stage terminal, in old age,

forsaking a dream of politics divine; only to go completely mad.

“What is this word *vagary*?” Science shouted to his late father,  
grave still wet from rainfall, yet still nothing but the passage of time.

“What is this thing, life?” Architecture would question,  
rather than answering Science withdrew to the laboratory,

claiming the clone of a test tube as his own child,

rather than floating on a plane of Benzene chains, chaining chains.

## **The Secret Lives and Loves of Architecture**

The intellectual analysis of time;  
deepest darkest soul of Machine or Man, pulsating;  
with surrounding environment through hollow brow of window,  
she would begin by widening doorway, and building stairs.  
Then, sealed like a candles wax on an envelope,  
she painted their house, and built a garden,  
once I thought fuelling Science, '*now a dream I dream*',  
she thought to herself.  
Only this one dream,  
containing the letters that imagination and satisfaction bore.  
Lawyer to no man, bar my own assumed intelligence awry,  
former would be dictator,  
the zoo with baby and other activities.  
The world became her oyster as the man Science worked.  
She decorated living room, kitchen and bathroom,  
when all was completed, she turned her hand to dishes.  
*Taking care of the dishes*  
Shopping for ancient Science,  
ageing Architecture and their child, a daughter named Ariel,  
who was as ambitious in task as she sounded,  
for questioning Science and his quest for knowledge, depth of  
understanding,  
led her to a simple point, a juncture in space,  
as neither of them knew how to raise young Ariel.

### **The child of Science Senior and Technology**

Motherhood was a blessing in disguise,  
for Technology, who though loving, compassionate and caring,  
was cold and distant, forever angry and alone.  
She hated Science's unanswerable questions,  
equally she hated Science Senior, favouring more Technical Fields,  
Engineering being a relationship past.

Engineering waited, for an age to meet her, with bated breath,  
his car still shining from its maintenance;  
he waited still longer, for his pining, doting date to a prom.  
Until, that is, his eventual imprisonment,  
the only love they would bare being loveless, hopeless separation,  
the continuance of the ruse they once shared.

Fatherhood, that ensnared trap, once a blessing,  
now his curse, was making him ill.

Little is known of how Science Senior was able to father a boy,  
the man had long wished he could have a daughter;  
betrayal of mother led to a complicated relationship.  
He would drink, consuming Principled Technique after failed Technique;  
experimenting until all else failed, to his frustration.  
The child, in his eyes overshadowed his needs,  
but with the child, came woman; suddenly without warning,  
like a balloon popping, his heart failed him as with his love.

Then it was, that he designed a blueprint, unfinished,  
a blueprint for an age baroque, revolution would define this as paramount;  
both in vision and depth of scope, for she would be called Management.

### **The Telepathic Union of Man and Wife**

Mr and Mrs Architecture-Science, a double barrelled name,  
for a couple as individual and unique as they were similar.

Influenced by Architecture, as well as by Science, they moved together;  
shaping earth and mountain, ranging across the natural world.  
Syntax and words of the rural landscape being the mountainous landscape,  
art, diagrams and technical drawings, their shared bounty,  
of rises and dips in serenity, their changing lifestyles.  
Changing to accommodate their daughter,  
the more modern built environment based around the fusion of light,  
structure, shape and form being her pets.

Form, and Structure, their instincts predatory, had been sharpened over  
years,  
though more recently, these had left shape missing something.

Influenced by Science, as well as Architecture, they moved separately,  
of which they could not be any further from one another,  
though they shared a bond, they communicated telepathically;  
transmitting subject, matter and images of form and the rest of the natural  
world.  
He would follow the ornithology of birds and listen to the call of the wild.

## **The Secret Life of Science**

Dishes, Earthenware and even the Kiln, designed,  
initially in factories, beyond Science's revolving;  
    revolution and crises changed him into a leader.  
He missed Architecture as he worked further and further from home.

Architecture was always surrounding Science, but,  
he so hated taking care of the dishes,  
    his most ambitious and sobering project.  
Sales, of which had skyrocketed at work, were leaving him with little to no  
time.

In the dark days of the war that knew no end,  
he witnessed the advent of Technical Progress,  
    through the crimes of Engineering.  
The land of mankind grew, beyond even Architectures approach.

She was far from broadly speaking Scientific, that was his job;  
but she was always required to approve the construction thereof.  
    Not since noble Caesar ruled the earth of mankind,  
or Samurai protected Geisha from savagery;  
had Science such a cause as this, to reduce effort in the difficulty.

This, his most recent and hardest task, the project to end all projects.  
Then one day, he tested Engineering with a product that would save lives;  
    the product was simple, made through a scientific means,  
kept secret at first, he produced it and then cleaned a dish, in front of  
Engineering,  
who was also keeping Secrets.

The product cleaned dish after dish, and then,  
before he knew it,  
    Engineering was working in line with Manufacturing.

The product of course, was Soap.

### **The home of Science and Technology**

The zoo, with baby and other activities, were Science Seniors honour,  
to Technology's loving eyes, in the beginning;  
then Technology saw Science Senior with a colleague.

Their home was not large,  
neither was it spacious;  
it was however, theirs to do with as they pleased.  
The kitchen was where their marriage failed.

Science Senior tried and tried, attempting to bring the family together.  
Poorly constructed medication,  
coupled with Technology's constant musing and prating, was how it all  
ended.

**Ariel, the daughter of Mr and Mrs Science-Architecture**

Before I begin, I wish to note that time is not a friend of mine.  
Rebellion against time must ensue in war.



## **Part V: Essays**

## Introduction

The Charter of the United Nations signed on the 26<sup>th</sup> of June 1945, of which the honourable and just Acting Secretary General, Gladwynn Jebb, who was in charge of the U.N.O from October 1945 to February 1946 was historic for its day in creating the United Nations Organisation through a system of legislation that superseded the League of Nations. As the Charter came into force on the 24<sup>th</sup> of October 1945 with a view to instituting national and international sovereignty in the hearts and minds of all peoples, the aim of the Charter was multifaceted and multitudinous in the spread of its initial remit and scope. Equally it allowed for the unilateral and multilateral, multilingual dialogue in which the aim is, as with back in 1945, to reduce the role and scope of any instances of war for any and “*all succeeding generations*”.

This came forward in the history of the world as World War II had only recently drawn to a conclusion with complete devastation and the onset of reconstruction of multiple nations and a genuine concern for the populations of all nations. The Charter attempted at the time to “*reaffirm faith in fundamental rights, in the dignity of the human person, in the equal rights of*

*men and women and of nations large and small..”* of which in recent history events played out in the public eye of the media have mirrored the nature of historical international altercations.

Human memory is such that despite the role of former Secretary Generals, such as Ban Ki-Moon and Koffi Annan, who both attempted to champion the rights of citizens nationally and internationally, whilst safeguarding the rights of sovereign nations through their direction and leadership. They both attempted to, in their directorship of the organisation to alter history such that the goals in 1945 would be followed through the trends as set by the ‘living – breathing instruments of the law’ through the vessels and organs of the United Nations which were set out in the Charter, such as the Security Council and Legislative creation and enforcement of peacekeeping through multiple forces on a multitude of fronts. The work they undertake, varies as one of three supra-national organisations that police and ultimately ‘could’ and technically should be schools in Government throughout the world for everyone, anti-corruption infrastructures and general international governance without bias or discrimination.

# 1

Would Marx, Descartes, Plato or even Jesus have stood up to the intelligentsia of the day within modernity through to post-modernity in the form of social order, screaming blasphemy towards the modernity of the age as a result of the continuity of the modern thirst within both the public(s) of the world and all people generally who sign up to fight war? For every intellectual ideal and actual ideology, there is a structure and infrastructure that promote(s) and prompted individuals to listen to the introduction of the new age in the format of a differing form of linguistic discourse which is the blessing of every democratic state.

The ability to communicate as opposed to bullying through social coercion as a result of armed conflict and the potential for human rights abuses and attacks on the people is an abuse of the power and education that people genuinely require. If in the modern age a person is assassinated, is it not the danger of the history we so desperately wish to avoid repeating itself. In the same breath, the death of all people is also the nature of attempting to avoid the end of all civilisation through strong and

well defined multifaceted dialogues that should be constantly composed of the same political and social will to change the nature of the world.

The wastage of the world, through social economy and lack of education along with a lack of a plan to allow for social health care within infrastructures and nations that do not at present have them, along with safe housing, consistent jobs and a social contract that allows for individuals to live and work in safety and peace is a travesty in the modern age (without attempting to judge my betters).

The words we use as a society define, as a nation, all people(s) everywhere and the fact that only one nation was allowed to vote on Global Disarmament as opposed to every free citizen and person throughout the world is a problem that has only one solution.

In giving the world a United Nations Headquarters in every sovereign and equal nation, thus opening the doors to the United Nations University, the organisation would then work towards all students being equally educated. The system would allow all people and students to become proficient in a trade or skill or be able to learn from primary education through to tertiary education, especially where there is no infrastructure for the same. This would show individuals how to succeed outside of solely manufacturing industries in order to allow for societal upheaval through social and cultural mobility.

Despite all these mentioned issues and solutions to problems (through a United Nations Headquarters in every nation that is a part of the UN system allowing for more staff from more host nations to participate in the democratic interchange of every nation, allowing for the ideology of reparations to become a reality not from one nation to another, but for all nations) there is still hope. We currently live in a world where global leaders are, rather than guided and directed, are assassinated through the eyes of the media and fail to seek justice unless in retaliation, so how do you rebuild justice through just means in every nation? Education from primary to tertiary levels, despite the systems of

control and institutionalisation of commercialised and gradated interchange between consumer and merchant sectors; as opposed to forcing the poor and the destitute as well as the wealthy to continue to work towards, and for charity throughout a global populous.

The heavily congested roads of Great Britain in comparison to Africa or India all have to give up the need to use fossil fuels almost completely with a view to saving the environment despite the lead being taken by Western Nations. Ultimately this would lead to civil and social upheaval as opposed to unrest as a result of something that is being done with which to change and challenge the current social order without rebellion from a civil populous.

### 3

Education is a battle; enlightenment is the war. Nietzsche defined himself as wise in an age in which a lot of European ideals and idealism defined the nature of the perfect citizen. In society there is no person equivalent to the perfect citizen. All people generally attempt to have a value, both for their lives and for others, where they are civil and social citizens working to defend and upheave the society they live in through sustaining the moral code and laws of any and every nation. All of this with a view to all that has come before them in the form of religion and legislation.

Nietzsche as with Descartes and Desmoulins, Hume and even Adam Smith along with Trotsky and Wilhelm Wundt all defined the idea of peaceful coexistence through philosophical and existentialist theorem and ideology(ies). Each of them caused questions of the self and the role of reasoning through logic in the form of self-determinism prior to the advent of the nuclear age.

Developments in organised and ordered entropic chaos to social order, or rather, the social order of the day, faced opposition to anarchy through the idea of peaceful protest as a testament to societal achievements in comparison to rioting and looting of streets which have of late been the cause of enquiries

and judicial hearings. Perceptions of these developments in reality are the dream of a Utopia in which some live the peace that others dream of. There are orphans worldwide all of whom are struggling with the death of their parents through various illnesses such as H.I.V. or Ebola or even atomic, *non-nuclear bombs*.

Marx, who debated and argued alongside Hegel that the knowledge and lengthy articulation of French revolution would lead to a revolution of the culture of thought and education. The clarity with which he thought and spelled out the need to educate the public(s) prior to the Russian Revolution led to a bloodbath and change in the social structure of the nation within a matter of years which spanned nearly 100 years. This created, as well as enshrined the former United Soviet States of Russia as a super-power on a global level.

Research as with the pillars of constitutional law and the role of constitutions (both written and unwritten) in defining the nature of a need for peace, of which all nations are still to this day learning from, as a route to societal change. Whilst Marx, who was followed by Trotsky as the leader in heart, soul and mind, of many a Russian establishment, led to a change he could likely not have foreseen in the past, with current social morals and methods, people will likely have learnt from the lessons of the past.

As such, this has allowed a globalised perspective with which to challenge individual and group dynamics through the very same education that is still limiting how and what people learn about with the result leading to capitalisation within industry and engineering, service and religion. All of this transpired as opposed to the faith with which was placed in the hands of Eleanor Roosevelt and her team of political legislators during the design and fabrication of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, as mirrored by the Human Rights Act(s) of the United Kingdom and the Scotland Act which has Human Rights bound inherently within it.

Shakespeare (original spelling) was tasked with one sole task, in his day, as with Walter Scott and Robert Burns; this task was and is to this day envied the world over. That task was to entertain through educated principles using language that many would have, at the time exemplified as culturally significant. Just how culturally significant the role of poverty, both within the borders of the United Kingdom, as well as outside of the United Kingdom, is clearly a point of cultural and social significance. More than that, it is **the** problem of the day.

With no food for some and not others as a result of poor political will, capital and infrastructure, social welfare or education for an entire populous, how can a person or sovereign nation, in the eyes of the public ever be viewed as anything other than less than themselves when benchmarking is put in place. If there is no dignity or pride in the very things they deserve as rights of which, these very same rights have been explained to be inalienable regardless of infrastructure. The struggle of an age pronounced a story of the end of romanticism and the beginning of an age of enlightenment of which we all in the western world have learnt from the very many trades that are of importance such as the political economy of art. The dawn in the early age of the 19<sup>th</sup> century of mass produced works of art in multiple formats and also the age of the printing press and the golden age of cinema in the form of silent and moving pictures highlighted the freedom(s) of the press of which we now live with as social mediums that guide all, including political will and motivation.



## 4

Society on a global level has a major hurdle to overcome as a route to entertaining the idea of a spacial traversal and multi-planetary colonisation with regards to the sharing and setting up of information networks that will allow access to the combined nature of human knowledge and existence. For example, the entire internet passed to the future Martians as a given form of social and cultural dialogue with a view to allowing and increasing the survivability of the entire Mars missions as a given. Equally, supply and logistics of food and the potential for scientific discovery of which every nation likely would have a vested interest, along with every civilian and citizen of every nation through their shared ability to process and understand information despite access to the very people who will be travelling to a new frontier for the first time. But the question I wished to pose was not one of the technicalities of space, but rather of the repetition of history, with Africa as one continent that is laid to ruin, it's citizens skewed in their approach(es) to tackling poverty through and with the support of institutions.

Rather it is a question of cataloguing institutional failings

through a lack of learning or feeling (direction of an unemployed global populous) with regard to the alleviation of isolationist solitude in a world all too eager to move on to the next fad, with hyper-normalisation and overly technical fields all too readily discarded despite the lack of readily available resources. Through democracy as opposed to led solely by specific principles suitable only to one nation, as a one size fits all political discipline. This is important not because of lack of respect for the people who deserve it the most, but rather for those people who receive it the least. As such the ultimate question in an age of missions is simple, what can you learn with the pious devotion to sound doctrine and dedication?

My own understanding of Global Disarmament begins by disarming both the public(s) of the world whilst educating them of the role of enforcement officials in creating the very same for the sake of youth(s).

## 5

As a world super power, the apparent strength of a nation rests in the ability to enforce international law and police the streets, the seas and protect foreign and domestic nationals world-wide. Beyond this remit, military force begins and ends with destruction as has been witnessed of late. Fear of reality, of individuality, religion, wealth and power are likely factors that many are on a day to day basis unaware due to the tensions between societal groups. Ultimately, the reality of loss and deprivation of justice, social expression and repressed memories of happier days have clouded judgement and provided restitution in equal measures with a view to aiming towards and alluding to positively social, as opposed to anti-social behaviours and mannerisms.

In this regard, I refer to obsessive behaviour with reference to academic principles that, whilst apparently, straightforward, are debased and dogged with a far more difficult ideological precept. I have made note previously to the question of Global Disarmament with no route to creating the very same, of which it requires the reigns of state and a great deal of trust from the international community as well as a willingness to reduce the

nature of armed conflict. A former British leader spoke of fixing the '*Broken Society*' we currently inhabit, whilst other devolved governments attempted to define educated principles to equality and societal, as well as democratic ideologies through parliamentary interchange. The truth is, power was restricted whilst local and national government attempted to navigate treacherous waters with a view to alleviating poverty nationwide and globally as well as fighting one war after another.

It is highly doubtful that warfare is an enjoyable exercise in the strength and valour of the losing side of any war. As such the pursuit and general make-up of a war resides not solely in the hearts and minds of those who fight wars, win and (or) lose them but rather in the hearts and minds of the people that the soldiers leave behind, their families, their friends and their children; of whom, many may well be left to fend for themselves, or become soldiers themselves, only to fight a war for the very same resources, people and families of grateful or ungrateful individuals who fail to understand the role of Disarmament efforts internationally. This is as a result of the fact that we as a combined civilisation are nonchalant (or seemingly uncaring about a situation in which, the powerful are able to control vast resources, materials and weapons of war, and refuse to allow any individuals or peoples access to the same resources through their own cultural or social development. As a result of this, wars are now currently being fought within civilian populations or otherwise for the very same reasons that have been outlined as above) hence the question in the title, ***Do you believe in Global Disarmament?*** All of this is played out both within the public(s) eyes as well as in private operating theatres whilst children are become the victims of atrocities that bare the hallmarks of warfare nationally and internationally, with children and their families struggling to feed themselves or house themselves.

As one man, in a very limited capacity, I can only use the words I carry as weapons of peace to aim at the hearts and minds of individuals in the hopes that they might be a guide. Where they are found to be useless, there is no point; but the aim of this

exercise is not to enrich every nation with the latest in technological weaponry, or to frustrate the efforts of the people who make a difference to Disarmament and peaceful negotiation. Rather the aim is to look at varying aspects of society and define where there is a problem, how that problem is fixed is down to the individual; be it through regaining lost trust, overcoming intolerance and divergent trains of thought, or simply by opening mature and well reasoned communications with regards to how to stop fighting a war that has taken near on centuries to play out to the current frame and field of fortunate or not so fortunate individuals.

The idea (or ideology) that there are always winners and losers in life is a fallacy, a societal construction as with all things human in which our understanding of how a country operates is limited by our shared or combined lack of an understanding of how international and national politics, dialogue and tactful negotiation is conducted with a view to limiting any and all damage to the wider field of public interaction and enhancing any future transactions, negotiations and trade on behalf of the public, through the office(s) of government and executive control.

This is of importance in light of the nature of modernity and the rapid pace of change both globally and between nation states that all happen to operate on differing clock based time-zone's that, as with Gene Roddenberry's creation (*Star Trek*) doesn't take into account the fact that every star is a doomsday clock. The atomic, quantum and further super-atomic structures known as stars all carry with them the potential to destroy entire planets through the concept of quantum implosion which would lead to the very same reaction as with the centre of the solar system. Over time, with a lack of education and the thirst to thrive both on Earth and further afield, all there will be is Religion and academia for those who were blessed to have the very same academia handed down to them from generation to generation as a result of societal progression. The question begins and ends with the public (i.e. does and *infinite* or unending war

for the extermination of any person or peoples outside of the state or even within the state who are persons of interest sound acceptable for all of our children, their children and their children after them in a form of religious 'exile from heaven' as it were? And if that does sound acceptable en masse, are we the lost that Jesus Christ or any number of individuals of a religious nature were attempting to save, or was that a separate war for a separate generation in which all the *supposed* crimes as detailed in the bible failed to make an actual issue for modern day social anthropologists who study society?). Regardless of the expression, realised or otherwise, of expression of racism, classism, elitism, ageism, sexism or any number of societal differentiators that still point towards a world that lives in hope of a saviour or people(s) who all look towards the stars in the hope that there is a heaven or a saviour despite all that the world has had to struggle through in order to allow societal change and progress to become a reality.

## 6

It took a very long and lonely time, soul searching internationally between national and international borders, outside of churches and peoples homes and places of work. A very long time, it took, for me to find God, and still I fear there is a long way for me to go as with us all. That is not to say that there is a problem with the way in which we as a people(s) worship and glorify the Deity(ies) we support with a view to allowing our entrance into what once was thought to be eternal life in a kingdom known in modernity as Heaven, though once it would have been called, Valhalla, Elysium or even simply Earth.

Latin Bibles and a thirst for more knowledge with which to control my own life in such a way as to be seen as upright, to have the confidence to continue holding my head up in public, where there is nothing bar the shame of a life in which a lack of anything bar assumed wealth has led me down a personal road, of which I have struggled ultimately. This same knowledge has led me to believe that where there is a will (as in motivation or will power) there is a way (to achieve the impossible). Despite a movement towards independence amongst other systems of governance, there is always hope. That hope is in the

continuation of fellowship of good people who work towards promoting and serving communities in a positive manner. The hope is in peoples shared and divergent beliefs. It is in the eyes of ourselves and our children. The hope is that they have food, clothes, shelter, transport, education and of all things are able to remain educated rather than solely focusing on attempting to alleviate their boredom through light entertainment.

Beyond this, deeper thoughts of freedom of which every human being at one point or another has had to struggle with in at the least thought, through to liberality, individualism and equality are everyday enjoyed by kids and adults alike. Regardless of whether they are friends or strangers, the end of an argument can easily be resolved with eye contact, a firm hand shake and some polite words of comfort.

Forgiveness is more powerful than eternal domination or radioactive contamination of limited habitable space on a planet that is already overpopulated and under educated globally. This is the only reason to continue fighting for peace using nothing more than words as a continuous and unending form of weaponless weaponry. And when words cease to hold their influence or sway a struggling crowd, then the images from the 1940s of Hiroshima and Nagasaki should be more than sufficient even in the modern age to highlight the barbarism of warfare and the need for an end to all forms of war nationally and internationally.



## 7

Time, as with space is beyond quantifiable as at present, though it is becoming more readily accessible as a result of human ingenuity and the ability to calculate using multiple computers and computer programs as with the initial role of Charles Babbage's computer. As such, I can't comprehend all of time and space as easily as I would like to, in which every single life that is currently existent, will likely be existent in months and years to come or preceding that that has ever existed on this planet.

The saying "no man is an island" may well be true. Equally the saying "a ship that sails backwards will never see the sun rise" may be true as well. But the man, who travels on a backwards sailing ship may see the sun set on a world that forever remains in darkness as though the bellicose nature of war could be understood without the courage, bravery and sacrifice offered as a service by others; men and women greater (infinitely) than myself.

With that in mind, I thought I would conclude this monologue with a simple statement. Whilst countless generations and lives have been touched in the negativity of warfare and dictatorships of the right, the left and centre-left, before the

dictators we each grow up learning about were mass murderers, they were people who could have been turned towards the nature of peace. Money doesn't matter if you aim to spend it on new and more exciting ways to injure or murder others regardless of art, culture and please for help or salvation.

## 8

Albert Einstein and his deeper thoughts of freedom, liberality and individualism as well as a system he devised through his writing with a view to altering and educating the establishment of the day still stands as a testament as with all physical and natural science as the achievements of human civilisation in the form of academic discipline. For me, forgiveness is a more powerful symbol than eternal damnation at the hands of a gun. Einstein could have saved Israel by trying his hardest at time when emotions and fears were running high whilst individuals were creating a new place to live for the vast majority of the Jewish population, by trying his hardest to end a war that is still going on to this day. Martin Luther King and John F. Kennedy could have been friends in a civil or rather political relationship, were it not for the organisations and schemes of the day that limited the ability of forward progression for a while.

Today is a day like any other; only, you are able to read peace, love and kindness into the world, just as I pray and write it towards all peoples of nuclear or non-nuclear states 2019 years after Christ was born, lived and died on his planet. So why believe in peace? Because the individuals who allowed Jo Cox,

the British M.P to be murdered, or who forgot the green parties aim to create a Greener, more environmental and sustainable world forgot someone else very important to the world.

## 9

Noam Chomsky is credited as having stated:-

“Anarchism is a radical scepticism about structures of domination, authority and hierarchy throughout human life, from the patriarchal family to imperialism.”

The difference between greed and wealth is not defined through the extremism of liberty, freedom being the choice of an individual or group of communities that are able to save and change a global populous from the dangers of what in many cases can be seen as radicalised thought and behaviour. Poverty in it's rawest viewpoint, regardless of liberty and (freedoms) of any state or group of individuals is more than simply a lack of wealth; greed being a corruption of a person(s) ability to justify consumption of 'consumer products' usually referred to as goods. Over consumption of any good is equally a part of the anarchic corruption even where as part of status symbolism, whether enriched or less than; must focus on the health and education of all of society on a global level with a view to moving rather than challenging the rule of either law or society. This is such that the voiceless are give a voice with regards to progressive and

effective upheaval of '*constitutional impoverishment*' outside of '*apparent enlightenment of thought and politicised consciousness*'.

The institutionalisation of education without bias has elevated the need absolutely of political correctness in order to overcome oppression, coercion and repression of political, economic and social aspects of society throughout time. As such, the only way in which to halt the imprisonment of free thought, both organically and laterally with regards to the centralised decentralisation of control infrastructures that have led to the corruption of society, pre-industrialisation is and must be the very goal of a common good. i.e. the environment and the hole in the ozone, enforcement of the non-proliferation of nuclear weaponry and new greener advancements such as solar, wind and wave technologies must be harnessed in order to allow for the salvation of life on this planet.

More broadly speaking, rights, that lead to the complication and over analysis of thought and behaviour must focus on salvation of the character, humour and love and heart or rather soul of a country through its governance and participation in light of the nature of systems of authority of the same. Just how this is to be accomplished must be through actual and unequivocal communication directed towards the very people that require the help the most (a dynamic thought that means no one person is constantly in need of the same level of support, thus overcoming corruption of heart and soul over the lifetime of every single person).

The powerful nature of transformation of a person through the change(s) in life as a result of growing from childhood to adulthood require one simple and common thread as shared by all life. It is that we are human, we all have let the world fall to ruin, through our over reliance on knowledge and consumption of the productive sources of any nation. Judgement of the self at all times in every person allows for a standard and ideal to aim for; in the end. It is all of us that make humanity. It is all of us that cast the world into shadow and cost the world it's humanity;

and all of us who have been enslaved by the desperation to make a proactive and all defining difference.

Salvation is not the death of a culture or art, it is not race or bias, it is not class and neither is it anything apart from every living creature on the planet. Faith is the belief in the better nature of all of humanity. God is

Part VI: Novus Principium es Omnium et  
Philosophiae (or First Philosophy)

**T**his book is the culmination of months and years of soul searching along with globe hopping and questioning, reasoning and wondering.

In an age in which both the moral and upright, as well as the downcast and unjust have the power to be honourable and just, there is always another way. Promote and exude peace. Promote and exude love, for in the end, unlike the beginning, there really is nothing else.

Perhaps giving up one's life, one's soul and very essence in order to seek a higher purpose is a worthy cause. But giving up, rather, sacrificing one's life for criminal purposes at the say so of somebody else is not always the best way forward. Life travels in cycles and repetition within the fractal tessellation of a constellation, which is only a symptom. There is no singular individual with the power to halt, reverse or edit time, such that the mistakes and successes of every lifetime can be avoided or repeated at will, respectively. Having said that, it takes a great deal of maturity to realise how far one individual can travel in the length of time you have existed in your present form on Earth.

The following numerous principles, precepts and thoughts as well as musings are. They exist not for one, but for all. They represent not one, but a multitude of fields and disciplines. All hope rests with them. Through and within the combination of what I would henceforth refer to as my First Philosophiae.

Whilst I am still a learner, and still using the city as my artistic palette, my heart and home is as always in an

amalgamation of countryside and urban facade. I dream of poetry, I dream of light, but at night I see only light shining in the darkness. So I hope that this book comes at a time when you need it most.

I.S

A question of love

A amoris interrogare

1.1

The stars are a reflection of your eyes. Never close them, even when you dream; for when you imagine the darkness of space, you picture the darkness of humanity within yourself. So turn to the light and dare not trust the darkness within or outwith.

1.1

Stellarum imaginem oculis. Numquam eis vos somniatis: nam tenebrae cum cogitet ex spatio, et in tenebris picture humanity Sermones dominicales pag. Itaque conversus ad lucem in tenebras, et non habeat fiduciam: neque audere extra.

1.2

Study as though your life depends on it in youth. One day, it may be the very life you seek; that is deigned worthy and righteous, your own life is held within the very life you hold onto. It is our own, a future. worth living for.



1.2

Etsi enim vita tua studere quod positum est in adolescentia. Olim fortasse requiris vivum; dignatus est dignum et iustum est vestrum inest vitam retinendam. Non enim nostra, et futurum. Valet enim viventem.

1.3

Remember to smile often. Even when you have nothing more to say or do. Smile and remember the blueness of the water. The depth of sound in a forest. The emptiness of a desert. Remember us.

1.3

Memini saepe ridere. Etiam cum nihil amplius dicere et facere. Recordamini faciem Livor et aqua. Altitudine silvarum faucibus. Inopiam solitudinem. Memento nobis.

1.4

Honour is a virtue that is like time. If you love honour, then your honour will last for a thousand years.

1.4

Honor virtus non est similis est. Si diligamus honorem, honorem tuum in saeculum et in mille annis.

1.5

Rest, be a part of the world when the time is right. But whilst there is time, be the world, the universe awaits.

1.5

Rest: orbis terrarum, cum sit pars temporis est. Sed ut temporis: sit mundo, manet in universum.

1.6

The law is a living breathing instrument because of the living breathing instruments it protects. Safeguard your mortality.

1.6

Lex enim spiritus vitae instrumentum et instrumenta spiritus vivis protegit. Gere curam licet omnibus adire Corinthum.

1.7

Respect and honour those you know to be kind and wise, even where you assume them lesser than you. There is no such thing as a person lesser than you. Only a person in need of support.

1.7

Genus sapientium et nostis habeatis et ubi minus quam assumeret. Illud tale non est ut homo luminare minus, quam vobis. Tantum enim homo ex necessitate in subsidium.

1.8

Faith, like religion is not a game or a toy; neither is it a result of anything more than loss. So shed the old self, and find faith in someone.

1.8

Fidem, religionem non quasi toy aut feras; nec plus ex detrimento rei. Ego antiquum,

qui effusus est ita et fides apud aliquem  
invenire.

1.9

This first philosophy was born of another, it is the result of countless lives.  
Don't be so quick to discourage a person solely because you do not  
understand, just as I still do not understand myself.

1.9

Hoc primum philosophia natus est de alio,  
est propter multitudinem vitae. Noli cito  
mentes idcirco homo intelligat non sicut  
ego adhuc ignoro.

2.0

Pray for those who survive the horrors of war, they need not be reminded of  
the same. It is us, the civil, the civilised civilians who fight no wars other  
than the struggles we could each overcome who deserve a timely reminder  
of the labours of those better than us.

2.0

Orate pro superesse belli necessaria  
suppeditarent eiusdem. Est nobis civilia  
bella milites togatos civiles quam quisque  
posset superare labores dignos nos  
opportune monimenta laboris melioribus.

2.1

Learn to conduct yourself as those who carry golden wings. In so doing, you  
will soar beyond the heavens.

2.1

Disce te satis vehentibus aureis pennis. Et  
ita faciens, non transibo ad caelum.

2.2

Hate is a word, an emotion and a way of life for some. Forgiveness more so:  
Thus, do not hate, do not hate such that you must then be redeemed by  
forgiveness. Love.

2.2

Odium est verbum, quod motus est propter  
aliquam viam vitae. Remissionis magis haec  
ne oderis, tunc oportet quod odium veniam  
redimeretur. Amare.

2.3

Anger and frustration are limitations in a world filled with possibility. Do  
what you can whilst you can.

2.3

Ira et uanitate facultatem repleti sunt  
limitations in mundo. Dum potes facere  
possis.

2.4

Knowledge, power and construction of organised ways of communicating  
ideas that are abstract and difficult to understand are the norm now.

2.4

Scientia, potentia et ex constructione  
dispositum est difficile intelligere  
abstracto et modi communicandi ideas, quae  
sunt norma nunc.

2.5

Always find a way to overcome the depths of depravity. Everyone has potential. So live free and use your time wisely.

2.5

Semper viam inveniam vincere profundis  
pravis itineribus. Suam quisque potestatem  
habet potential. Vivamus libero tempore, et  
ita prudenter uti.

2.6

The hardest things to do are always the easiest ideas at first. Nothing in life is easy. Work hard and focus on causing as little offence to anyone as possible. In time, they may see you as good, just and upright.

2.6

Durissima quae non semper facilis ad ideas  
primo. Nihil est difficile. Et laborare  
focus paululum ut in causing ullam  
offensionem ut possibile. Tempore, ut  
videant bona iustus et rectus.

2.7

Be who you want to be, but not to the detriment of someone else. Be kind and remember those people worse off than you - even if it is only from time to time. Remember them.

2.7

Et quis tibi sit, sed ne in detrimentum  
salutis alterius. Memores estote autem  
invicem benigni eos qui vos peius est -

etiam si est tantum de tempore usque ad  
tempus. Memento eorum.

2.8

Be happy and humble. Smile at the people, even the people you don't know;  
don't overwhelm them or yourself.

2.8

Et humilem esse beatus. Ridere ad populum,  
et populus non sciunt; Non obruunt eos vel  
ipsum.

2.9

The world changes too quickly as the youth is drawn from aged temples,  
don't judge too harshly, but rather be selfless.

2.9

Mundus quoque celerrime mutantur in senibus  
est a juventute templa, ne nimis acriter  
iudicare sed esse gratuiti.

3.0

Peace is the future, we all work towards a peaceful lifetime. Live, hope and  
work towards the same goal every day. One day it will be real for all.

3.0

Otium est futurum, et omnem laborem vita ad  
mansuetam perduxerunt. Vivamus in fine  
operis cotidie spes. Die illo erit verum  
pro omnibus unus.

3.1

Vanity, a useless mode of expression to be dispensed to people who don't deserve it. Don't be vain, it doesn't suit you or me (us or we nor I).

### 3.1

Nihili nequam loquutio dispensandum qui non merentur. Ne frustra mihi non competit tibi (neque enim nec).

### 3.2

You (your heart and your soul) are the stirring echo of an eternal clocks chime. Remember to pause and breathe and remain in the moment.

### 3.2

Vos (tuus cor et anima) est per aeternam Dei resonare horologiorum SUCCINO concursum facientem. Moram ibidem subsistant anima recordari.

## Conclusion of an author

Thus, as a writing system, a body of intellectual thought must be intelligently thought through with both eyes open in an inquisitive and enquiring examination of language, which may be followed. Spend a day rewriting a language, say for instance the language within the letters of Seneca: eventually, prior to translating into English; you might find that you are far more competent to lead your writing (namely the reader(s)) attention and participation: in covering a brief contrast between divergent and convergent trends in learning, academia in the form of Legislation, Biology, Language Studies, English Literature (old and more recent), Science(s) and the politics of society. In so doing, your diction, critical analyses skills and more apt construction of sentences, scenes and scenarios, political and

social studies, cultural and even the scent of perfume licking the window as a changing conglomeration of smog or dust filled horizons changed into a distinct discursive diatribe as opposed to a dialogue. The aim is to alter whilst leading forward with thoughts inspirational such that, as you move from and transition into an author, your role must first be confirmed by not solely acquisition of your first book; regardless of the speed or volume, rather the transition must be total, hence the title of The Total Writing System. e.g. *The Multiphase Multiverse Inverter had been searching throughout history. As the outermost of the the layers of the planetary crust was torn from the smouldering sphere, leaving burning hot magma and lava flecks, along with the remains of cities, lakes and streams to freeze instantly, exposed to the droid army, the Biomechs of the Red Gauntlet, the End had come for human civilisation.* As an example of writing which whilst macabre in its context for the intentions of fulfilling the role of a character within a story, namely Imperator, the idea of an apocalyptic scene starting the story would be a radical thought in creating a non-linear narrative.